The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's Cabinet—of which the composition has not been a very well-kept secret—contains able men of the quietly efficient type. It will be the task of their chief to make of them an harmonious and working body. This can best be done by giving to each of them large powers and discretion in the exercise of their respective duties. The business of the government has grown to be too vast for the threads of it to be kept in the hands of any one man. To be a good executive means more than ever not to fret and moil personally over work that can best be devolved upon another. Even in Lincoln it was a defect that he—"the old Tycoon," as John Hay called him at the time—took too much upon his own shoulders and left his Cabinet out of his confidence. Some of the resulting jealousies and friction we see revealed in the Gideon Welles Diary, now publishing in the *Atlantic*. What the President needs from his Cabinet is real advice—not adulation—and hearty coöperation. It is not desirable that Secretaries should be dominated by a powerful and forth-putting President, but simply that they should be kept in touch with his ideas and infused with his spirit. From what we know of Mr. Taft's temper and methods, we are confident that he will magnify the functions of his Cabinet, and get more out of it by giving more to it.

One hears uncomfortable whispers about the new Administration beginning with "this unfortunate Loeb appointment." It is, obviously, the payment of an ex-President's debt. Nor is it even a new way of paying an old debt. The private secretaries of Presidents and Governors always have to be "taken care of." And we must remember that if, in this matter, Mr. Taft yielded something, he resisted more. According to confident forecasts, a few weeks ago, Mr. Loeb was to be, not merely Collector, but a member of the Cabinet. At that, however, the line was drawn. There may be some wonder that Mr. Loeb did not accept one of those flattering business offers which his vast abilities were alleged to have brought him. He may have felt that his talent for public life was too precious to be wasted.

Nature sometimes takes legislators by the nose and makes them do what mere argument cannot compel. It was the potato-rot in Ireland, not Cobden's logic, which forced the repeal of the corn-laws. If the date for the inauguration of American Presidents, and for the coming in of a new American Congress, is to be changed, it will be stress of weather that does the business. In this climate, no day could be pitched upon when meteorological uncertainties would be greater than on March 4, with the chances more in favor of inclement weather, dangerous for that "old experience" which we seek in judges and statesmen. A vague idea is afloat that there is something sacred about March 4. As a matter of fact, of course, the singling out of that day was a pure accident. The duty of starting the new government devolved upon the Continental Congress. When it met in New York, September 13, 1788, eleven States had ratified the new Constitution. Everybody naturally desired that the stronger form of government should be set up as soon as possible, and accordingly it was resolved by the Continental Congress that Presidential electors should be appointed on the first Wednesday in January, that the electors should assemble and vote on the first Wednesday in February, and that "the first Wednesday in March next be the time, and the present seat of Congress the place, for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution." That first Wednesday in March happened to be March 4. And the date was not really made use of the first time. No quorum of Congress, necessary to count the electoral vote, was got before April 6. President-elect Washington was in Mount Vernon, and to notify him and bring him back to New York took three weeks, so that he was not inaugurated till April 30. That was the true Inauguration Day of the fathers.

That it would be a much more propitious day than March 4 for inaugural ceremonies, every one now admits. To change to April 30, or to any other day, would require, however, a Constitutional amendment. The reason is not that March 4 is in the Constitution, but that the limitation of the President's term to four years is, and that the transition could not be made without Constitutional warrant for one President to hold office slightly more than four years—that is, beyond his fixed term. After that, each term would go smoothly as before. It was in this sense that, in 1886, the Senate unanimously passed the bill reported from the Judiciary Committee, and assiduously urged by Senator Hoar, to change the expiry of the next Presidential term, and of the next Congress, to April 30. The project died in the House, however, not so much from hostility as from indifference. It is a similar amendment which it is proposed now to revive. The ideal thing would be to have the new President take office on January 1, and for the Congress, elected at the same time with him, also to begin its work on that date. This would conform to the practice of most of the States, and of other governments; would be business-like; and would certainly be democratic in the sense that it would put the people's representatives in office to carry out the people's expressed will, before that will had been forgotten. The first of January, of course, would be as badly fitted as the fourth of March for outdoor pageants, but the necessary exercises could be held indoors.

We hope the defeat of the ship-subsidy bill means that there will be no attempt to force this legislation through the next Congress. The plan had the support of the President and Mr. Root, but, by a vote of 175 to 172, the bill was voted down. Party lines were broken, and no less than twenty-eight Republicans were against the measure. In the next Congress the Republican majority will be smaller and the need of economy, because of the heavy deficit, more obvious. Hence, advocates of the scheme will face heavier odds than ever. The idea of a ship subsidy is simply to put the government into partnership with certain business interests. In order to stimulate a trade which, from the economical point of view, is waste-

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ful, because unprofitable, the United States is urged to guarantee the profits of some few favored steamship owners. Every one will remember the public uneasiness at the voting of a government guarantee of profits on the new Philippine railways built by private capital, and every one knows how impossible it would be to obtain such a guarantee for any railway or steamship venture within the United States. But the argument is that as Uncle Sam's pockets are capacious and have been hitherto well filled, and as it is pleasant to have American steamships going abroad, therefore every American is to be taxed to support these lines. There is still another side to a proposal of this kind. Whenever the government is asked to aid private business enterprises there is usually jobbery and corruption, however sincere and high-minded those statesmen who support the undertaking on grounds of national policy. The country has had one experience of this kind in connection with the Pacific Mail Company. Last week Congress buzzed with rumors of undue influence. Congressman Clark, in speaking of the powerful lobby which has been at work for the bill, declared that it bore "all the marks of corruption."

Everybody wishes to see the American merchant marine restored. But because our shipping is prostrate there is no reason whatever why we should commit an egregious economic blunder. The proper steps are plain enough. President Cleveland, years ago, declared:

> The ancient provisions of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States.

Yet that remains a law of the land. The next step is to reduce the tariff on shipbuilding materials, which now makes a difference, so shipbuilders testify, of 40 per cent. on "every conceivable item that goes into the cost of a ship." Far-sighted legislation as to registry and the tariff would do infinitely more to develop our shipping than any subsidy scheme yet developed.

In the new copyright law, the provisions of which we summarize in another column, the improvements consist chiefly in bringing the statute up to date. It now protects the owner of a musical copyright from unauthorized reproductions by mechanical means; and, in general, the definitions given to the various kinds of literary and artistic property are made both sharper and more comprehensive. The final abandonment of the attempt to compel books in foreign languages to be set and printed in this country before copyright can be secured, is also a gain for common sense and international fair dealing. But the continued requirement of manufacture in the United States, as a condition precedent to copyrighting books in English, is a grave blot on our legislation. The Berne Convention puts the foreigner absolutely on the same footing as the native, as regards protection of his literary property. Until we get ready to go the whole way, and sign and live up to this Convention, to which nine-tenths of the leading countries are glad to adhere, we shall justly be classified, in this particular, among the unenlightened and backward nations.

The nullification of Missouri's railway rate laws by the United States District Court confirms both the fact and the ethics upon which Gov. Hughes based his veto of the two-cent law. The scanty earnings of the smaller Missouri roads show how impossible it is to fix a flat maximum rate anywhere near the desired average. Judge McPherson's wish for two flat rates, one for strong roads and the other for weak ones, seems a curious compromise between popular sentiment and justice. The wisest course is, according to the theory on which the New York State Public Service Commission is created, to regulate each particular line in the light of conditions prevailing on its own stretch of track.

The proposed new charter for New York city, just laid before the Legislature, is primarily noteworthy because of the things it does *not* contain. In an era of municipal government by commission, of experiments of all kinds, ranging from unexampled participation by the voters to government by an almost despotic group of three or five men, the New York Charter Commission has not included in its draft a commission, or the initiative, or the recall, or the referendum. It has yielded to no craze for untested devices, but has devoted itself to reducing our present chaotic form of government to order. The guiding principle has been to centre responsibility upon the Mayor, his executive officers, and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Lack of this clear-cut responsibility has been at the bottom of some of our chief troubles. It has been impossible, for instance, for the Mayor to control the borough presidents, because they are, like himself, elective officials. Yet their failure, in four out of five boroughs, to perform their duties honestly or efficiently would have made it impossible for any Mayor to govern properly. Take the streets, for instance; as responsibility for their condition is now divided among five departments, it is obvious that no one person can be held accountable. Hence the Charter Commission has tried so to simplify the structure of government that each official's duties shall be clear, and the public may know who is at fault, if there is maladministration.

The commission has not abolished wholly the legislative branch. If the Board of Estimate is henceforth to be analogous to the executive committee of the directors of a business corporation, it remains in one sense an upper legislative house; while in place of the Aldermen, there is to be a council of thirty-nine members to serve without pay. Their powers are, however, to be strictly limited, for they will only pass ordinances, make the tax levy, and exercise a veto over specific appropriations in the budget. The powers of the Board of Estimate are, on the other hand, to be enormously enlarged. Its executive duties will be coördinated and distributed among seven bureaus: Public Improvements and Engineering, Supplies, Real Estate, Claims, Publicity and Statistics, Salaries, and Franchises. These are to be headed by seven experts, appointed by the board, which will itself contain, besides the five borough presidents, the Mayor, the president of the council, and the Comptroller. The desire to concentrate responsibility is also illustrated in the reduction of the Board of Education to fifteen members—still too large a number, however, for the maximum of efficiency. The City Chamberlain is to be the head of a veritable city bank, containing the Treasury, and

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the bureaus for the collection of taxes, revenues, and licenses. There has been no attempt to regulate the nominations to office as in the case of the new Boston charter, no attempt to destroy the party conventions or to forbid all party nominations. In brief, then, the Charter Commission has held fast to old and well-tried methods in administration, but has endeavored to recast the present government, with as few changes as possible, to fit it to existing conditions.

Press reports of the trial of the Sugar Trust, ended last week by a jury verdict of guilty, hardly have brought out the shocking nature of the charge, and of the evidence to support it. It was a case of plain stealing of the most contemptible kind. False weights were systematically used in order to defraud the Government, so the jury found, and the verdict of guilty also included the finding that this habitual cheating could not have been carried on without the knowledge of the officers of the corporation. This makes up about the most damning case against a rich company that we have had. Here was no mere question of rebating, or secret trade agreements, but just pilfering, day after day. The fat hand of the Sugar Trust was steadily filching from the Treasury till. For depravity and sneaking meanness, this would be hard to beat.

As a party that has grown expert in explaining away defeat, the English Liberals will not find it very difficult to explain away the outcome of the bye-election in Glasgow last week. From 1886 to 1906, the seat was held by the same Unionist incumbent. In the tidal wave of the latter year, he was beaten by only 431 votes. Obviously, the recapture of so ancient a stronghold by the Unionists cannot be described as a crushing Liberal defeat. Moreover, the Liberal candidate was badly handicapped. He was the renowned T. Gibson Bowles, who, up to 1906, was a Unionist member of independent proclivities, but who was defeated in the last general election, or, as he maintains, assassinated by the Unionist tariff reformers, because of his decided "free-food" views. Mr. Bowles thus had to contend against the particular resentment of the Unionists and the distrust that is always the portion of a "renegade." The influential Glasgow *Herald* is against tariff reform, but it supported the Unionist candidate, because it believed that "free trade is in no danger from anything Mr. Scott Dickson can say." Hence a Unionist victory, by 7,298 votes against 5,185 in an old Conservative constituency, is not so overwhelming as it seems at first.

When the British Old Age pensions bill was before Parliament, Mr. Balfour opposed it on the ground that many persons would not be able to prove their age, particularly in Ireland. How could an Irish dock-laborer working in Liverpool convince any one that he was born in Belfast, seventy years ago, he asked, when it was notorious that the Irish statistics of 1840 were wholly untrustworthy, where any existed? In fact, it is the Irish septuagenarians who are swamping the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The statistics show there should be only 184,000 persons over seventy years of age in Ireland, of whom 32,000 now receiving poor-relief are disqualified for pensions. Of the remaining 152,000, it would seem as if there ought to be at least a few thousand well enough off to do without pensions, but no less than 177,000 Irish pensions have already been granted. It looks as if many men and women in Ireland had reached the age of seventy in a great hurry. If there is a comic side to this, there is also a tragic one for the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the government. They now confess that their estimates of the cost of old age pensions were 80 per cent. out of the way. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is reported as saying: "I cannot tell you now, but you will find I shall get the money for this alleviation of the misery of the poor from people who are well able to pay." In other words, property is to be taxed so as to break down the incentive to saving for old age.

The Parliamentary elections in Italy last Sunday insure a new lease of power for the Giolitti Ministry. Detailed figures are not yet at hand, but if we accept the government's estimate of 350 Ministerialists, against 158 of the Opposition, the Giolitti majority is almost exactly what it was upon the assembling of the preceding Parliament, late in 1904. Since the legislative term for the Italian Chamber is five years, the recent dissolution only hastened a general election by a few months. The Premier chose to go to the country rather than risk further debate on his foreign policy. Public opinion in Italy is at a high tension with regard to Austrian aggression in the Balkans, but while an excited Chamber might conceivably have voted down the Giolitti Ministry, a Ministerial victory at the polls was inevitable. Giolitti's position in Italy is a good deal like that of Clemenceau and his predecessors in France. Like them, his power rests on a Radical *bloc*, diverse enough in interests, but united against reaction on the one hand, and revolutionary Socialism on the other. In France a long series of tumultuous and short-lived ministries preceded the victory of Radical concentration under Waldeck-Rousseau. In Italy, there was the same chaos of ministries and combinations until the Radical *bloc* was formed, under the Zanardelli Ministry in 1901.

An interesting feature of the Italian elections is that the Pope's supporters are said to have taken a more active part than they have done since the beginning of United Italy. The Papal inhibition against going to the polls was removed in seventy-two constituencies, or one-seventh of the whole number voting. The result has been no gain in Rome, where the Anti-Clerical *bloc* repeated its victories of the preceding year, and a slight gain in the rural districts. In general, it may be questioned whether the Papal *non expedit* has really kept Catholics out of politics to a very considerable extent. The enrolled electors in Germany constitute 20 per cent. of the entire population; in France the ratio is nearly 24; in Italy it is less than 8. At first sight that would indicate that an enormous number of Italians boycott the polls. We find, however, that the Italian franchise demands not only the ability to read and write, but a certain degree of additional elementary education; and that in 1901 nearly 44 per cent. of all males over twenty years of age were illiterate. Add the fact that there are considerable property qualifications for the franchise, and it would follow that the number of Italians who refrain from availing themselves of their electoral rights is not very large.

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THE INAUGURAL.

President Taft could not write in the 'Ercles vein if he would, and he has chosen to give his inaugural address an agreeably quiet tone. He summons his fellow-countrymen, not to a deadly combat with Apollyon, but to the long work of constructive legislation, steady administration, and industrial recovery. There is no boasting, either for himself or his party, in putting on the armor, but the new President's words breathe of matured convictions and strong common sense, and will fall gratefully upon the ears of a people wearied of vehemence.

What Mr. Taft has to say about his hopes of tariff revision will be read with the more interest in that Congress is so soon to attack that question. Doubtless, the President will more fully express his views when he sends a message to the special session on March 15. The mere outline to which he limits himself is along familiar lines. Mr. Taft does not go the whole length of the tariff-reform argument. There is no moral indignation in his reference to the Dingley schedules which he would like to see modified. He appears to be still caught in the bog of "cost of production at home and abroad." Still, he has the root of the matter in him. He declares that, in the making of a tariff, the "prime motive" must be "taxation and the securing thereby of a revenue." And he makes it clear that, in his opinion, the existing duties ought to be reduced all along the line. This being so, we think we can speak for tariff-reformers, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, when we say that they will wait patiently for a protectionist Congress and a protectionist President to confess the follies and wrongs of protection, and to set about cutting them away.

In what the inaugural has to suggest about enforcement and revision of laws relating to railways and other interstate corporations, the chief thing is the announced aim—to give to American business "that measure of stability and certainty . . . which is essential to the life and growth of all business." These are the words which will first catch the eye of the thousands all over the country who are striving to restore the former level of industrial activity. Mr. Taft speaks of changes he desires in the anti-Trust law. In view of the recent report of the Senate Judiciary Committee against any modification of that statute, it is hard to see how the new President can hope to bring about an important amendment. But the distinction which he seeks to have made is, not between "good" Trusts and "bad" ones, but between those combinations which are based upon "legitimate economic reasons" and those "formed with the intent of creating monopolies and artificially controlling prices."

Of high significance is President Taft's language about the South, and the status and progress of the negro. One sentence of his, intimating that he will not appoint negroes to a "local office" in any community in which "the race feeling is so widespread" as to interfere with the transaction of the public business by such appointee, will undoubtedly be hailed by negro-haters in the South. They will read into it a promise to remove all colored Federal officials and to name no more. But they must not too hastily overlook the other things that Mr. Taft says on this subject. He warns against "the pretence of race feeling manufactured in the interest of individual political ambition." By that he will not be deceived. Consequently, any Southerner who itches to obtain an office now held by a negro, and who thinks he can get it by showing how the race prejudice in his locality is suddenly terrible, will be likely to have his labor for his pains. And the sober second thought of the South cannot fail to fasten upon the President's emphatic words of sympathy with the negro, and desire to advance his industrial, educational, and political status in every way possible. Mr. Taft proposes to go on in the encouragement of the negroes by "recognizing their distinguished men," in "appointment to office" and otherwise. Moreover, the President stands up stoutly for the war amendments to the Constitution, including the Fifteenth, and notifies the South that its suffrage laws "must" conform to that national charter of political rights for the negro. Hence, we may well believe that, with all his good will and his obvious desire to win the South, President Taft will certainly do as much for the negro as his predecessor did.

The only passage in the inaugural that glows with inward heat is the one refusing even to consider the legal sanction of boycotting, or the withdrawal from the courts of the power of issuing injunctions against labor unions. "As to that," says the President, "my convictions are fixed." Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell will take notice. So will other people. With nothing sensational in his inaugural address, the new President comes before the country with an appeal for reason in all things and justice to all classes of citizens and all parts of the land. We shall, of course, judge him by his acts in the future, not by his words to-day; but that he now stands in a high degree of favor with his fellow-countrymen is plain to everybody. That he may continue to do so to the end of his term is our sincere wish.

A PARTING GLANCE AT ROOSEVELT

We distrust attempts to sum up Mr. Roosevelt's administration. Several of his subordinates in office have tried to do it, but not even their high impartiality is equal to the task. We are too near the events; we are yet too much under the spell of a salient personality, a man of contradictions, in whom good and bad are curiously and inextricably mingled. The most that can be done to-day is to note his chief qualities, and ask what has been their effect upon public affairs.

When Col. Roosevelt ceased to be Governor of New York, the *Nation* said that his two years in office had shown his master-passion to be love of excitement. "It is the clamorous life," we remarked, "which most appeals to him." That opinion is confirmed by the eight years which has followed. Now, Walter Bagehot has a warning passage on the perils of excitable statesmanship. He pointed out in Bolingbroke, what he might have pointed out in Roosevelt, that it is "incompatible with the calm circumspection and the sound estimate of probability essential to great affairs." Certainly, President Roosevelt has taken no thought for careful adjustment of outlay to income and has consequently been wildly extravagant. He has been an unreflecting and noisy advocate of a big army and navy. Yet as an offset to his blustering talk about preparation for war and his constant encouragement of the military spirit must be set his brilliantly successful efforts to conclude a peace between Russia and Japan—efforts that were most appropriately rec-

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ognized in the bestowal of the Nobel Peace Prize.

His passion for the sensational has not been confined to his own sensations. He would have everybody set tingling along with him. With an energy that nothing can sap, and an almost fatal eye for what will prove startling, he has given the country a long succession of shocks. And here comes in his wonderful talent for advertising. As Tacitus said of Mucianus: "Omnium quæ dixerat, feceratque, arte quadam ostentator"—he has the showman's knack of drawing public attention to everything he says or does. This is Roosevelt the politician, and no more consummate politician ever lived. For knowing when to seize the occasion; for understanding perfectly how to hit popular feeling between wind and water; above all, for ability to impress and handle men, not singly, but by the million, we have not looked upon his like.

Mr. Roosevelt's uncommon powers of moving the masses have had their chief display in the field of social agitation. A great upheaval of moral sentiment took place during his administration. He was not the sole cause of it, but he utilized it and furthered it mightily. An account of stewardship of the rich was vigorously demanded. Business dishonesty was held up to abhorrence. Corporation rottenness was probed. All this, in spite of excesses of denunciation and legislation, was highly salutary. It was full time that people who had been mismanaging corporations and exploiting the public were called sharply to book. Yet such acts as Mr. Roosevelt's wresting of Panama from Colombia and his appeal to E. H. Harriman for campaign funds have raised grave doubts whether this eager moral crusader is himself always possessed of clear moral perceptions. The fact remains, however, that the quickening of the national conscience, the rousing of a people long dead in trespasses and sins, with such concrete results as the reform of the insurance companies and the restrictions upon predatory public service corporations, is a service the value of which can scarcely be overestimated.

One defect of Mr. Roosevelt as President—on which we have dwelt more than once—was his indifference to constitutional and legal methods. He has but a feeble grasp of general principles; he sees only isolated instances. This explains his failure to perceive that ours is a government of divided and limited powers. His tendency was always to ride rough-shod over Congress, to curse the courts when they failed to sustain his policies, and to do what seemed to him best at the moment, regardless of strict legality. It was not merely that he cut red tape. More than once, as in the case of the colored soldiers involved in the affair at Brownsville, he coolly ignored the express provisions of our statutes. This same trait was also exhibited in his offhand license for the steel merger, in his frequent transgressions of the rules and usages of civil intercourse, his numerous brawls in and with the public press, his fondness for calling men liars. He was impatient of all the restraints which his position should have laid upon him.

But as the years pass and enmities are forgotten and wounds heal, it is inevitable that his eccentricies and acerbities of manner, his recklessness in statement, his violence in vituperation, and even his trampling upon legal and administrative precedents shall fall more and more into the background, while the solid achievements of his seven years in the Presidency shall bulk ever larger. It is on having "done things" that he most prides himself and most confidently challenges the verdict of history. Certainly, the prosecution of the Northern Securities suit has put a definite limit to a consolidation of railways in a few hands through a series of mergers. The value of the railway rate legislation which he secured, after convulsing the country and making himself the idol of the West, cannot yet be reckoned, though the moral effect of the law has doubtless been considerable. No one, however, can gainsay or lessen the credit which Mr. Roosevelt deserves for his pursuit of the postal thieves and the land thieves, for his vigorous prosecution of the railways which gave rebates and the companies which received them, for extending the forest reserves, and for pushing the passage of the Pure Food Law and the Meat Inspection Law. But, above all, the beginning of the irrigation project is likely to rank as the legislative landmark of his administration. That was true initiative, the effects of which will bless millions yet unborn. Conceivably this vast undertaking will be his abiding monument when all his other labors are sunk in oblivion. We cannot tell. Said Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, after his retirement: "The banker, when he has closed out a speculation, can instantly estimate his gains. But the public man is never in that happy position. He is constantly tormented by the doubt lest, in the end, what he has done have harmful consequences." So we must wait years before knowing how to strike the balance of the Roosevelt administration.

EXIT PLATT.

Of the retiring members of the United States Senate, none presents so melancholy a spectacle as Thomas C. Platt. He returns now to private life, broken in body and mind, almost friendless. No civic organizations are passing resolutions commending the intelligence and zeal with which he has served his State. He has earned no gratitude—only contempt. The people of New York give a sigh of relief that Platt has gone out of politics forever. We should not dwell on so unhappy a figure, but for the fact that Mr. Platt's fate is the direct logical outcome of the policy which for many years he pursued with singular skill and tenacity. Here is a man whose sins have found him out.

Platt is an example of the scholar in politics. He was a member of the class of 1853 at Yale, and though he was compelled to give up the course because of ill health, his attainments were recognized in 1876 by the honorary degree of master of arts; but his case only serves to prove afresh that what is wanted in politics is not so much scholarship as character. Platt began his career as officeholder—clerk of Tioga County—in 1859, at the age of twenty-six; he entered Congress in 1873; and he rose to be United States Senator in 1881, when not yet forty-eight. Such rapid advancement was not the result of accident. He had devoted himself to mastery of the game of politics as it was then played in New York. He was hampered by no scruples; he never allowed himself to be diverted from his ends by any qualms as to the necessary means. It was a day when politicians confessed their cynicism rather more frankly than is now thought to be discreet; and Platt made no pretence to

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a high-mindedness which he neither possessed nor understood. The value of noisy professions of all the virtues, domestic and public, had not then been so convincingly demonstrated as it has since; and Platt, with commendable freedom from hypocrisy, set himself quite openly to the task of debauching voters and manipulating legislators.

But mere indifference to principle would never have carried him into the United States Senate. His ambitions were backed by an uncommonly keen intellect. Persons who have seen Platt only in his declining years, since he has been shorn of his power, can hardly imagine what a force he was in his prime. In political astuteness his only rival was the Democratic leader—sometimes, it is suspected, Platt's co-worker—David Bennett Hill. Platt held the Republican party of this State in the hollow of his hand. It was an adage of his that in quiet times the machine rules; and he built up a machine of extraordinary efficiency. He had plenty of money; for at the insurance investigation he told how he used to bleed the big corporations, with the understanding that he would grant suitable favors in return. This money was most judiciously expended throughout the State. He knew the exact capacities of all his minor leaders, the size of the vote which each could deliver, the relative purchasing power of a dollar in city districts and in rural, the various factional quarrels, the possibilities of dicker and intrigue, both within the Republican ranks and with venal or discontented Democrats. New York is a vast chess-board on which to marshal an army of pawns, but Platt deployed his with consummate tact. He was called the "Easy Boss," because he could drive with a free rein (within the prescribed limits) as well as apply the spur. He could take a high-spirited, conscientious, and capable young man, give him his head when he became restless under the discipline of the depraved party organization, tempt his ambition, promise him a career of great usefulness and honor, entangle him in one compromise after another, threaten to bury him in that famous Platt graveyard, and finally bind him to the machine, helpless and hopeless. As a corrupter of youth, we grant the palm to Platt, with his amazing smoothness and cleverness.

His shrewdness was never more strikingly shown than after his disgraceful fall in 1881. With Conkling, he had resigned from the Senate in a quarrel with President Garfield over the patronage. The two men came back to Albany to plot for a reëlection; and the hotel corridors were filled with rumors of bribery and scandal. Then Platt, caught in a nasty scrape, was forced to withdraw, and as one of the newspapers then put it, he "stole into the darkness." That a man thus thrust out of public life should ever rehabilitate himself seemed incredible. But he was indefatigable, and before long he appeared at Albany in control of half-a-dozen votes in the Legislature. With this small capital he began trafficking in legislation. He managed his resources dexterously, steadily enlarged his stock of Senators and Assemblymen, added an attractive line of delegates to city, county, State, and national conventions, ornamented his show-window with Congressmen, Federal officeholders, and even Governors, and then in 1897 returned in triumph to the Senate. But in his twelve years there he has not brought forward any large piece of constructive legislation. His activities have been confined to the field in which he has won all his successes—if we may use that term—office-broking. With his mental equipment, he might have made a record to be proud of; but he deliberately narrowed his interests and centred his attention on petty jobs.

We need not press the lesson. It is easy to sneer at ideas and the idealists; but in the long run it is the idealist who wins and the gross materialist who goes down in shameful defeat. Platt and Platt's influence have wrought nothing but harm in State and nation. A life so sordid, unilluminated by lofty impulse, unredeemed by anything resembling devotion to duty, can secure but one verdict from history; and in this instance Platt's contemporaries anticipate the condemnation of posterity.

FRENCH ANTI-CLERICALISM.

Last week M. Clemenceau's Minister of Public Instruction appointed the Abbé Loisy professor of the history of religions at the Collège de France. The choice was significant, both because of the character of the man on whom it fell and the manner in which it was brought about. The authorities of the Collège de France had recommended M. Loisy; but the Academy of Moral Sciences, which had a voice in the mattor, declared in favor of another candidate by a vote of 19 to 17. Later the Academy reconsidered its action and came to the support of M. Loisy, who was promptly confirmed by the authorities. There can be little doubt that government pressure had been brought to bear on the Academy. The candidacy of M. Loisy had taken on a political aspect. Rejecting him would be a triumph for the Catholic cause; appointing him would be a striking demonstration of the government's unflagging zeal against Rome. For it must be remembered that M. Loisy is the most redoubtable champion of that dangerous heresy of Modernism which the Church has so recently spewed out of its mouth. As far back as 1893 the Abbé Loisy became suspect, and was removed from his professorship at the Institut Catholique. In 1903, five of his books were placed on the Index. In 1907, the Papal decree *Lamentabili sane exitu* stamped as heresy sixty-five propositions drawn largely from the writings of Loisy. The abbé replied. He was excommunicated, and Rome proclaimed a general war on Modernism in the encyclical *Pascendi.*

Neither the Church nor its enemies, in France, hold the opinion that everything was lost and won when Separation was effected some two years ago. The bishops and the faithful, under the lead of Rome, are taking up new positions and are reforming their ranks with an eye to continued resistance. The passionate anti-clericals are pressing on towards victories new. While the necessary after-effects of Separation move on apace, while Church property is being laicised and liquidated, and, on the other hand, the Church finances are being reorganized on the basis of voluntary contributions, the firing line has shifted from Parliament and the courts into the schools. The schoolmasters as a class have a strong liking for the revolutionary ideals so plentiful in France of the present day. Trade-unionism, as applied to their own profession, is defended. Teachers have been known to lecture their pupils on the folly of patriotism quite in accordance with the principles of Gustave Hervé. Naturally, the anti-religious spirit is strong in the average French schoolroom. Text-

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books on the history of France, in which the rôle played by religion and the Church is neglected or slurred, are popular. In other words, the radical secularists have borrowed a page from the book of their opponents. They know what an advantage it is to carry your beliefs into the elementary schools. And the Church is fully conscious of the danger. Helpless, under the present régime, it sees its hopes of the rising generation being swamped by the teachers of irreligion, of spiritual and moral, as well as social, anarchy.

With the government definitely arrayed against them, the bishops must fight their battles by extra-political means. They must utilize public opinion. Since it would be less than useless for them to work on the schoolmaster or his superior, they are trying to work through the parents of the school children, whose future welfare they regard as threatened. The great majority of Frenchmen are, formally at least, still in communion with the old faith. The women are still largely susceptible to priestly influence. If the mothers and fathers of France could be brought to protest against the growing godlessness of the schools, there can be little doubt that they would have to be listened to. But for the success of such a policy, or of any policy that the Church in France may bring forward, it is essential that the Church should show a spirit of partial compromise, a certain readiness to recognize the logic of accomplished facts. And especially is it important that its members should act as Frenchmen and not as privates at the absolute behest of Rome. Unfortunately, Rome has shown no desire for compromise, and the Church in France displays no desire or ability to question the orders from Rome. The tendency is the other way. Because the French bishops in their plenary assemblies favored a policy of moderation in the Separation crisis, the plenary assemblies are now abolished and provincial assemblies are substituted. So strong a Catholic organ as *Figaro* has characterized this change as a scheme for splitting up the French Episcopate in order to prevent the formation of a united opinion, within the French Church, in possible opposition to Rome. At the beginning of January, M. Andrieu, the archbishop of Marseilles, probably the most steadfast opponent of compromise with the state, was raised to the dignity of cardinal. It was unmistakably a reward.

Under such circumstances, the anti-clerical swing is gaining force. It is war to the hilt, even if it is sometimes war to the point of the ridiculous. The author of a depreciatory life of Joan of Arc is made professor at the Sorbonne and riots follow. The Socialist Mayor of Ivry celebrates "civic baptisms." The new-born are brought in to the strains of the "Marseillaise," listen to a discourse on liberty and democracy, and depart to the strains of the "Internationale," taking with them a box of candy and a penny savings bank as the gift of the state. The situation is not pleasing to good Catholics.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I.

Mr. Noyes, himself one of the most serious of the younger English poets, has written a life of William Morris in a tone of almost lyrical enthusiasm*; affording further evidence that the maker of "The Earthly Paradise," as the representative of one of the diverging lines from Tennyson's early Victorian compromise, is receiving more serious critical attention. When Morris went up to Oxford in 1853, bearing with him the humors of a strange romantic boyhood in Epping Forest, he was already steeped in Tennyson, and it was natural that he should have joined himself to a set of men who were under the same spell. "We all had the feeling," says Canon Dixon, one of that university group, "that after Tennyson no farther development was possible: that we were at the end of all things in poetry." As a matter of fact, though Tennyson no doubt exercised a strong influence on these ardent seekers after beauty, their course was to be by no means a continuation of the great Cambridge poet's.

Morris, too, like Tennyson, made a friendship at the university, which colored all the rest of his life. When he took his examination at Oxford, there sat beside him in the Hall of Exeter, a boy from Birmingham, Edward Burne-Jones, the future artist, with whom and three or four others was to be formed the Brotherhood (not to be confused with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood), whose eccentric doings are chronicled so entertainingly in Lady Burne-Jones's memoirs of her husband. Both Morris and Burne-Jones were deeply imbued with the enthusiasm left over from the Oxford Movement, and their first aim was to form a conventual society with some vague notion of preserving and disseminating the religious ideas of the past. Meanwhile, their activity took the usual form of publishing a periodical, the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. It succumbed after a few months, like other such ventures; and if a neglectful world was bettered thereby it was not immediately, but through the lasting influence of those warm aspirations on the men themselves. And I often think that nothing is more striking, nothing, indeed, more lamentable, than the absence of these little societies from our American universities. How utterly lonely and unhelped is the path of many college men who cherish the long hopes of youth. We have so little sense of the power and comfort of these frank conspiracies for fame; we seem to be born with a shame of great ambitions, and tremble lest any one should suppose we nourish a plot to conquer the world. And so we go out into life with no recollection of that first buoyant sympathy to hearten us against life's subduing indifference. We lack the reserve force and the retiring place of such a memory. Well, that is for America, and, perhaps, for England of to-day; not for the Oxford of the Brotherhood.

**William Morris.* By Alfred Noyes. (English Men of Letters.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

II.

Their religious zeal soon waned, if it was not rather factitious from the beginning. Morris might be described as a High Churchman and Neo-Catholic when he entered the university, but his religion even then was more a matter of the senses than of morals and creeds. There is a significant note in one of his earliest poems preserved in a letter to a friend:

> 'Twas in Church on Palm Sunday,
> Listening what the priest did say
> Of the kiss that did betray,
>
> That the thought did come to me
> How the olives used to be
> Growing in Gethsemane;
>
> That the thoughts upon me came
> Of the lantern's steady flame,
> Of the softly whispered name;
>
> Of how kiss and words did sound
> While the olives stood around,
> While the robe lay on the ground.

One can imagine the scorn with which Newman would have regarded this use of the Passion of Christ for æsthetic titillation—he who recoiled with suspicion even from the allurement of natural scenery. And there was little of the earlier zeal then at Oxford to correct or change this tendency. "The place was languid and indifferent," wrote Burne-Jones; "scarcely anything was left to show that it had passed through such an excited time as ended with the secession of Newman." In the hollow ritualism that was beginning to crystallize from the Oxford Movement our band of enthusiasts could find satisfaction neither for conscience nor for imagination, and they gradually turned from

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this mixture to a pure art of the senses.

New influences, not of the university, began to take hold upon them. They grew deep in mediæval things; Poe's poems came across the water to open a realm of shadowy dreams; Ruskin's "religion of beauty" created in them the solemn conscience of art, and through Ruskin's "Edinburgh Lectures" they were drawn to the strongest force that operated upon them—Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is not easy to account for the extraordinary domination of Rossetti over almost every one with whom he came into contact. We may call it the mystery of his personality; and this, if analyzed, will probably reduce in large part to the effect of invincible self-knowledge, to his sure instinct of knowing what he admired and what he wanted, while others were waiting for the guidance of some external impulse. And so, as he became better known to these Oxford searchers, he grew to be for a time a kind of high-priest of artistic taste. Their first serious incursion into art under the new leadership was that hilarious fiasco, when Morris, who had no training as a painter, and others who, if they could draw, knew nothing of frescoing, covered the walls of the Oxford Union with pictures which faded almost immediately into the plaster. But there were great days of talk and wild merriment when these friends, now settled in London, came back to Oxford as knights errant of the brush.

III.

The various interests of the world soon invaded that little *cénacle*, drawing its members into different paths of success, but the mark of those Oxford days and of their comradeship in the long hopes was never worn away. The precise work of each depended on his peculiar talents. For Morris, the future was determined by an æsthetic irritability that was not so much the all-eliminating impulse of the great artist as an indiscriminate hankering after beauty, and by a certain fluidity of temperament. You may sink your plummet into his mind, but you will touch no bottom; there is no solid core; all there is movement and flux, save this sense of beauty, which was itself largely a matter of flowing rhythm. The vision of life passed before his eyes in sequence, but without consequence; more than almost any other man of his age he had the romantic indifference to the law of cause and effect which locks events together into a kind of static system, and the bondage of logic he never suffered. The moral compromise of the age, also, which, as "In Memoriam" shows it, tried to combine the old notion of an eternal *fiat* with the new theory of evolution, was no problem to him. If Tennyson sometimes escaped from that constraint into the higher logic of the spirit, Morris moved for the most part as if unconscious of its existence. There is nothing immoral in his work; but of morality there we do not think at all, save as another term to distinguish the beautiful from the ugly.

This lack of a fixed centre is a part of the man's character, showing itself in little traits as in his large. There is no repose in his body. He had, says a friend, the "incessant restlessness of a wild creature." He was "fond of talking, which he did in a husky shout," and for emphasis had the "habit of beating his own head." If anything happened to check his impulse, he would fly into a gusty rage, and there are stories abroad of insane exhibitions of temper, such as striking his head against the wall, rolling in paroxysms on the floor, biting through window-frames, lifting coal-scuttles with his teeth, and the like Herculean feats—half inventions of Rossetti's humor, it may be, but characteristic of the man. His impatience of hindrance was like the boiling of a mountain torrent over a boulder. Of death he was notoriously afraid, not from any deficiency of physical courage, but in recoil from its final stay and pause.

The same restlessness runs through his artistic life. I am not sure that I can enumerate all the crafts he took up at one time or another, either in rapid succession or together, but weaving, dyeing, furniture making, paper designing, and printing were among them. So feverish was his method, that his great physical strength was worn out at the age of sixty-two (in 1896; it seems already long ago), and he succumbed to the disease, as his family doctor reported, of "being William Morris, and having done more work than most ten men." Excellent results were obtained in all these arts, even if sometimes, as in much of his printing, the delight in antique forms and the sheer lust of the eye overrode the craftsman's right feeling for utility. To these tasks of the hand he brought a magnificent scorn of "vagueness, hypocrisy, and cowardice," and his hatred of these sins against joyous and beautiful production was the real substitute in him for the moralist's dictates of conscience. One thing is specially noticeable: his successful work was almost purely decorative, depending on fluent line and skilful repetition. He never learned to manage figures, and when animal or bird was necessary to a design, he generally had it drawn in by another hand. A picture, properly speaking, he could never make, chiefly, I believe, because the concentration of sight and the static power of composition were so weak in him.

IV.

Poetry was but one craft among many for Morris, and he turned off his lines with incredible ease. "That talk of inspiration is sheer nonsense," he once exclaimed; "I may tell you that flat: there is no such thing: it is a mere matter of craftsmanship. . . . If a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving tapestry, he had better shut up, he'll never do any good at all." And so he composed epics and lyrics and again epics amidst his other occupations, accomplishing once, it is said, as many as seven hundred lines in a single day. Mr. Noyes, who himself knows something of the poetic pains, stops to calculate this at about one line a minute for twelve hours on end, and is aghast and incredulous at such an *enfantement*. As a matter of fact, Morris's writing approaches more nearly than that of perhaps any other Englishman to the style of the *improvisatore;* it bears the same relation to the verse of other equally famous poets as the work of the arabesque decorator bears to that of the figure painter. "The poetic upholsterer," Sir Edmund Beckett called him, and Morris was astonished that this "harmless statement of fact" should have been meant for an insult.

Well, let us admit all this, and then add that Morris's verse is superb decoration. With all their shortcomings and their omission of the qualities that mark the great style, it is possible that a time may come when "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung" will be read more than many a poem that fails in a grander manner. Every one knows the simple and happily conceived plot of Morris's longest poem. It is told in the Prologue how certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway once, in the Middle Ages, set sail to find the Earthly Paradise, and after long wandering came at last to an island in the western sea, where dwelt a Greek people who still preserved the life and traditions of the ancient world. So throughout a year the elders of the two peoples entertain one another with stories of mediæval and classical origin, one of each source every month. There is no attempt on the part of the poet to differentiate his style for the two periods; his aim is to waft the reader to "a shadowy isle of bliss" which is neither pagan nor Christian, but the world's refuge of romance. From Chaucer he drew the plan of his poem, and with Chaucer in his Envoi he ranges himself as pupil with master. As a matter of fact, except for their common skill in weaving a story, there are few poets in English from whom Morris differed more than from his avowed model. Chaucer did not hate death as Morris hated it; nor did Morris have any understanding of that broad love of actual life that makes the savor of the "Canterbury Tales." His aim was rather to escape from the realities of living, while still shrinking from the contemplation of death or of the eternal things. To me the only really pathetic lines he ever wrote are the

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prologue to "November," wherein he expresses this revulsion from the two realities:

Look out upon the real world, where the moon,
Half-way 'twixt root and crown of these high trees,
Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon
Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze
Died at the sunset, and no images,
No hopes of day, are left in sky or earth—
Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth?

Yea, I have looked and seen November there;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair;
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity,
In whose void patience how can these have part,
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart?

In those lines is something of the grand manner, as you will find it rarely, if anywhere else, in Morris—not the weight of Milton, but let us say the elfin gravity of Spenser in the later stanzas of "The Faerie Queene."

V.

Void patience was not in the heart or the hands of our craftsman, and for his refuge from life he turned to the "pageant-maker's imagery." You remember the story of "The Ring Given to Venus" and the young man, who, to recover the ring and therewith gain his human bride, was forced to stand in a place of wizardry by the sea while a procession of phantoms passed before him:

In after times would Laurence say,
That though the moonshine, cold and gray,
Flooded the lonely earth that night,
These creatures in the moon's despite
Were colored clear, as though the sun
Shone through the earth to light each one.
. . . . . .
And then his dazzled eyes could see
Once more a noiseless company;
And his heart failed him at the sight,
And he forgot both wrong and right,
And nothing thought of his intent;
For close before him now there went
Fair women clad in ancient guise
That hid but little from his eyes
More loveliness than earth doth hold
Now, when her bones are growing old;
But all too swift they went by him,
And fluttering gown and ivory limb
Went twinkling up the bare hill-side,
And lonely there must he abide.

Such a scene is a parable of Morris's own life save that, unlike Laurence, he never recovered his ring, and it affords the best criticism of the whole poem of "The Earthly Paradise." Like the distracted youth, the reader seems to be standing by enchanted waters drenched in a magic light, while dream-shadows flit before him, some terrible and some lovely; but the former pass with open mouths that emit no sound and raised hands that never strike, and the latter gleam only for a moment on the hillside and are gone. The best of the tales, to my taste, are those that use this pageant-like material most frankly—such as "Atalanta's Race," with its dazzling picture of the maiden running before her suitor to the goal:

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about;

or the "Cupid and Psyche," in which the solid gold of Apuleius seems to have dissolved into a golden haze, "the wavering memory of a lovely dream." One seems to take part in the process of transmutation by reading together passages of the Latin and of Morris's paraphrase. Thus, Psyche has been carried to the palace of her unseen lover, and the English poem continues:

Now went she through the chambers tremblingly,
And oft in going would she pause and stand,
And drop the gathered raiment from her hand,
Stilling the beating of her heart for fear
As voices whispering low she seemed to hear,
But then again the wind it seemed to be
Moving the golden hangings doubtfully,
Or some bewildered swallow passing close
Unto the pane, or some wind-beaten rose.

That is all evoked from a single phrase of the Latin: *vox quædam corporis sui nuda.* There is an element of magic in these simple words, no doubt, but nothing that corresponds to the tremulous uncertainty of the paraphrase, as if an enchanted mist had arisen between the palace and the beholder's eyes.

The great fault of "The Earthly Paradise" is its monotony. Very soon we begin to be aware that with all its seeming diversity, it is really extraordinarily poor in ideas. If we say that beauty and death, death and beauty, form almost the whole substance of the poem, it might seem that enough had been granted to furnish forth a library of verse; but Morris uses these topics with the least variety of effect. Death is only the cessation of beauty, and beauty is only the indistinguished blaze of gold and silver, lilies and roses, slender hands and white limbs. Nowhere is there any relief or emphasis, but an even, swift flow, which never invites the mind to pause, or reflect, or go back. In all the diffuse imagery of "Cupid and Psyche," for instance, you will not find anything like Apuleius's description of the chariot of Venus: *limæ tenuantis detrimento conspicuum et ipsius auri damno pretiosum.* Those words, which fascinated Pater by the cunning of their paradox, are altogether omitted by Morris. He was not one of those poets "who hoard their moments of felicity," but sowed from the whole sack. And too soon, this entire lack of concentration or hesitation in the mind of the poet results in something perilously like indifference in the mind of the reader.

VI.

If my own taste can be trusted there is less of this cloying monotony in Morris's other great poem, "Sigurd the Volsung." Already, while composing "The Earthly Paradise," he had become absorbed in Icelandic studies, and one of the later tales, "The Lovers of Gudrun," the finest of all his poems, if we may believe Swinburne, was taken directly from this source. In 1870 Morris, in collaboration with Magnusson, made a translation of the prose Volsunga Saga. Six years later he developed this into the magnificent epic of "Sigurd the Volsung," surely one of the high metrical triumphs of the nineteenth century. It is, of course, idle chauvinism to call these legends, as Morris does, "the Great Story of the North, which should be to all our race what the Tale of Troy was to the Greeks." Our literature and our ways of thinking do not come to us from the sagas, but from the classics and the renaissance. And it is mere wantonness, as some hot brains have done, to place Morris's work above, or even beside, that of Homer. Apart from the question of artistic form and beauty of expression, it lacks the full humanity of the Iliad, and its romance, beside that of the Odyssey, is as stammering to perfect speech.

In one respect "Sigurd" is like Morris's earlier work. If you read the poem pencil in hand you will find that you have no impulse to mark the lines for future reference, that you are never tempted to linger and reflect, but are jostled on from page to page. This is partly due to the metrical rhythm, which deserves a word to itself. In the tales of "The Earthly Paradise" Morris used the ordinary iambic pentameters and tetrameters, but he gave them a new character by lightening the accents, so that in place of the grave marching measure of Milton or the regular rattle of Scott, there is an even, almost unstressed flow. To such an extent does he carry this that many of the octosyllabic lines have only three accents, with a huddling together of two or three unaccented syllables, while the pentameters have a trick of loosening into series of four or even three accents with still longer groups of unaccented syllables. Now write two of these three-stressed verses together, and you have the verse of "Sigurd":

Then he rose at once to his feet, and smote the harp with his hand,
And it rang as if with a cry in the dream of a lonely land;

or even more characteristic, as showing the tendency to bunch three light syllables at the cæsura:

But the thought of my heart is unstable, and my hope as the winter drift.

Morris himself no doubt believed that

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he was using a metre equivalent in effect to the Greek hexameter; as a matter of fact, his rhythm, as Mr. Mackail observes, is probably closer to the original tumbling ballad sing-song out of which the classical dactyls and spondees were developed. Only there is still this difference, which Mr. Mackail does not observe: that the absence of a fixed syllabic quantity, such as we may assume to have been even more pronounced in Homeric than in later Greek, gives to Morris's measure an unpausing haste and, so to speak, a vague and fitful restlessness.

VII.

But this metrical effect, better than in "The Earthly Paradise," harmonizes with the emotional quality of the poem. As you read on and the magic of the imagery lays hold of the mind, you seem indeed to have been rapt away into the dream of a lonely land. Nothing is quite familiar, nothing quite stable. Before you drives a broken mist, through the rifts of which you catch glimpses of a changing and disconnected panorama—gold-gleaming palaces and gray weather-beaten castles, groups of huntsmen driving the deer in the deep glades, terrible kings frowning forward from their thrones, warriors battling within rings of fire, women wonderfully fair calling men to blind dooms. The effect comes, in part, no doubt, from the story itself as Morris found it in the Icelandic saga, but he has shown extraordinary skill in adaptation. Some of the cruder, more savage details he has omitted, and about the others he has thrown an emotional atmosphere almost entirely his own. Sigurd's fateful arrival at the castle of the Niblungs, for example, is told in the saga with the utmost simplicity: "Thus he rides until he comes to the hall of King Giuki; there he rides into the burg." That is all; whereas in the poem all the mystery of the future seems to meet the hero at the gate:

Upriseth the heart of Sigurd, but ever he rideth forth
Till he comes to the garth and the gateway built up in the face of the north:
Then e'en as a wind from the mountains he heareth the warders' speech,
As aloft in the mighty towers they clamor each to each;
Then horn to horn blew token, and far and shrill they cried,
And he heard, as the fishers hearken the cliff-fowl over the tide:
But he rode in under the gate, that was long and dark as a cave
Bored out in the isles of the northland by the beat of the restless wave;
And the noise of the winds was within it, and the sound of swords unseen,
As the night when the host is stirring and the hearts of kings are keen.
But no man stayed or hindered, and the dusk place knew his smile,
And into the court of the warriors he came forth after a while,
And looked aloft to the hall-roof, high up and gray as the cloud,
For the sun was wholly perished; and there he crieth aloud. . . .

There is, in fact, little feeling of any kind evident in the saga, but a mere recital of stark deeds. When Gudrun kills her two children, the brief scene is snapped off with a "yet for all that, she cuts the throats of them"—it is all in the day's work. Now there is, properly speaking, little more of real humanity in Morris than in the Icelandic story. His sense for moral values is of the most rudimentary sort, and the law of cause and effect, which we associate with the moral law, scarcely exists for him. As a consequence, we have small human sympathy with his characters. Yet an emotional quality he does have, and that in a high degree, latent no doubt in the original but developed into something quite his own. From first to last one feels a kind of dim fatality brooding over the poem, a strange troubled necessity, such as cannot be found in any other of the great epics. It is not the mystical fate of Virgil, the unknown law that governs men and gods for its own far ends; nor the apportioned lot of Homer; nor the blind chance of Lucretius; nor the divine will of Milton. It is the fatality of magic, a web of mist and cloud spun by the Norns; a something inhuman and elfin that sends through the reader a boding thrill as from the night-terrors of his childhood. "The Earthly Paradise" was a lovely and rather cloying fairy tale; "Sigurd" is the menacing fable of a witch.

P. E. M.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

To the general surprise, the new copyright bill passed both houses of Congress last week. It consists of one complete and consistent copyright statute, in sixty-four sections. The term of copyright is lengthened. The bill leaves the present first term of twenty-eight years unchanged, but provides for a renewal term of twenty-eight years instead of fourteen, thus making possible a period of protection of fifty-six years from the publication of the work. The bill also provides for the extension of subsisting copyrights.

Copyright may now be secured for all the "writings" of an author, using the Constitutional expression. In enumerating and classifying works protected by copyright, the bill is more explicit than the present statutes, and adds the following new designations: "Lectures, sermons, and addresses, prepared for oral delivery"; "dramatico-musical compositions"; "plastic works of a scientific or technical character"; "reproductions of a work of art," and "prints and pictorial illustrations," in lieu of "engravings," "cuts," and "chromos"; and "works of art" instead of the present specific designations, "painting," "drawings," "statue," and "statuary." Express provision is made that compilations, abridgments, adaptations, arrangements, dramatizations, or translations and works republished with new matter shall be classed as new works subject to copyright. As regards a musical work, the bill provides, as does the present law, that the author shall have the sole right to perform the work publicly for profit, but adds the sole right "to make any arrangement or setting of it or of the melody of it in any system of notation or any form of record from which it may be read or reproduced." The composer's control of the reproduction of his music by mechanical instruments is qualified as follows: (a) to cover only music published and copyrighted after the act goes into effect; (b) not to include music by a foreign author or composer unless the foreign state or nation of which he is a subject grants to citizens of the United States similar rights; (c) whenever the owner of a musical copyright has used or permitted or acquiesced in the use of his work upon parts of instruments serving to reproduce mechanically the musical work, any other person may make similar use of the work upon the payment of a royalty of two cents on each part manufactured, notice to be filed in the copyright office of such use or license to use by the copyright proprietor.

American manufacture is required in the case of a book, not only as regards type-setting in the United States, but "if the text be produced by lithographic or photo-engraving process, then by a process wholly performed within the limits of the United States." The provision is also extended to illustrations within a book, and to separate lithographs and photo-engravings, "except where in either case the subjects represented are located in a foreign country and illustrate a scientific work or reproduce a work of art." The printing and binding of the book must also be performed within the United States. Photographs are released from the present requirement that they "shall be printed from negatives made within the United States or from transfers made therefrom." The "original text of a book of foreign origin in a language or languages other than English" is also excepted from the requirements of type-setting in the United States. A new *ad interim* protection is given books printed abroad in the English language. If one complete copy of such book is deposited in the copyright office not later than thirty days after publication abroad, copyright is granted for a period of thirty days from the date of receipt of the copy. If an authorized edition of the book is produced from type set in the United States during this second thirty days,

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The much discussed provisions prohibiting the importation of copyrighted books are considerably modified. The importation of *piratical* copies of any work copyrighted is prohibited, and the importation of any books, "*although authorized by the author or proprietor*," which have not been produced in accordance with the manufacturing provisions, is prohibited. The Act of 1891 permits importation of books in "the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import, subject to the duty thereon, not more than *two* copies of such book at any one time." The new law permits importation, "not more than *one* copy at one time, for individual use and not for sale," and adds the proviso that "such privilege of importation shall not extend to a foreign reprint of a book by an American author copyrighted in the United States." The Act of 1891 allows importation in good faith for the use of societies incorporated or established for educational, philosophical, literary, or religious purposes, or for the encouragement of the fine arts, or for any college, academy, school, or seminary of learning. The new law confines the privilege to *incorporated* societies or institutions, but adds scientific societies and "any State, school, college, university, or free public library"; but while the Act of 1891 permits "*two* copies in any one invoice" to be so imported, the new law provides for "not more than *one* copy of any such book in one invoice" when "for use and not for sale."

In the case of infringement, an injunction may issue, as now, and damages be recovered as well as all the profits due to the infringement. The minimum damage to be recovered is $250, the same as now awarded, but the maximum is placed at $5,000, only half the maximum enacted by present law for infringements of works of fine arts. In the case of an unauthorized newspaper reproduction of a copyrighted photograph it is expressly provided that the damages shall not exceed $200, nor be less than $50, and it is further expressly provided that in no case shall the damage be regarded as a penalty. The old law prescribes that the damage shall be "for every copy *found*" in the infringer's possession "or by him sold or exposed for sale," whereas by the act the damages are assessed on "every infringing copy *made* or sold by or found in the possession of the infringer or his agents or employers."

The new law is more explicit than the old in regard to the transfer of copyright. This is declared to be distinct from the property in the material object copyrighted, and the transfer of the one shall not imply the transfer of the other; but it is provided in express terms that nothing in the act shall be deemed to forbid, prevent, or restrict the transfer of any copy of a work copyrighted, the possession of which has been lawfully obtained. Copyright may not only be assigned, as the present law provides, but "be mortgaged" or bequeathed by will, and when an assignment of the copyright in a specified work has been recorded, the assignee may substitute his name for that of the assignor in the statutory notice of copyright. Foreign assignments must be acknowledged before a consular officer or secretary of legation, and all assignments shall be recorded in the copyright office.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the most important sales of the season, to be held by the Anderson Auction Company in this city, March 18 and 19, includes the library of William Hermann of White Plains, N. Y. A large number of valuable books, some remarkable for their condition, will be offered. Those with colored plates are perhaps the most notable, among them three of Pierce Egan's books, "Life in London" (1821), "Real Life in London" (1821-22), and "The Life of an Actor" (1825), all in the original parts, fine copies, as issued. A Beckett's "Comic History of England" (1846-48), with colored plates by John Leech, is in parts, and has inserted five of the original finished drawings in color. "The Annals of Sporting" (1822-28), 13 volumes; "The National Sports of Great Britain" (1825); the first, second, and third editions of the "Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton," and "The Life of a Sportsman" are important books, with colored plates by Henry Alken. A complete set of the *Scourge* (1811-16), 12 vols.; Ireland's "Life of Napoleon" (1828), 4 vols.; Combe's "Life of Napoleon" (1815); "The Humorist" (1819-20), 4 vols.; Carey's "Life in Paris" (1822), large paper; and the much rarer book, "Gaieté de Paris" (1825), with the same plates, but with different text by W. H. Ireland, are notable works, with colored plates by George Cruikshank. A set of Grimm's "German Popular Stories" (1823-26), the first volume being the genuine first edition, and both volumes in the original boards uncut, is generally regarded in this condition as the most desirable of all Cruikshank's illustrated books. "Mornings at Bow Street" and "More Mornings at Bow Street" are both the earliest issue, uncut, with four autograph letters of Cruikshank relating to the books. Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" (1858) has inserted three of Cruikshank's original colored drawings, differing slightly from the etchings as published. Books with colored plates by Thomas Rowlandson include "The English Dance of Death" (1815-1817) and "The Dance of Life" (1817).

Three early Shakespeare quartos "King John" (1622), "Richard III" (1629), and "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle" (1600); a Fourth Folio (1685), Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea" (1646), Ben Jonson's Works (1616-40), and Milton's "Paradise Regained" (1671) are notable seventeenth century rarities. No copy of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" (1719) seems to have been offered at auction in America since the Foote sale in 1895. The copy here offered does not contain the third volume "Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe" (1820), but that volume, which has not been reprinted in later editions of Robinson Crusoe, is of slight interest to collectors and of small market value. Among the first editions of nineteenth century English authors are several exceedingly rare and valuable items, the most notable, perhaps, a copy of the first edition of "Waverley" (1814), in the original boards, uncut, but with backs and labels supplied. Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" (1813), 3 vols., one of the rarest of modern books, is first offered at auction in this country. Among the first editions of Shelley are "Queen Mab" (1813), a presentation copy, in the original boards, uncut; and "Epipsychidion" (1821), with the rare half-title and with the autograph of Shelley on the title-page. The Lamb items include "Blank Verse" (1798); "The King and Queen of Hearts" (1805), but with the cover dated 1808; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1811). Keats's three books "Poems" (1817), "Endymion" (1818), and "Lamia" (1820), are uniformly bound by Sangorski and Sutcliffe and offered as a set. There is also a second copy of "Endymion" in the original boards, uncut. Matthew Arnold's first publication, "Alaric at Rome" (1840), is a presentation copy in the original paper cover, a book which has never before appeared in an American auction room. Stephen Phillips's "Orestes and Other Poems," a little pamphlet in yellow glazed paper-cover, printed for private circulation in 1884, with a missing line supplied in the author's autograph, is also the first copy ever offered at auction here. The Dickens collection is remarkable. Besides a collected set of first editions, 68 vols., uniformly bound in full levant morocco by Zaehnsdorf, we note a copy of "Sketches by Boz" (1839), the first octavo edition, with an original water-color by George Cruikshank, and an A.L.S. of Dickens referring to the book; "Nicholas Nickleby" (1839), with an A.L.S. of Dickens pointing out an error in the proof; "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1844) with five original drawings by "Phiz" inserted; presentation copies of "Dombey and Son" and "Pictures from Italy," as well as several of the novels in parts, and two books from Dickens's library. Notable Thackeray items are the *Gownsman* (1830), a little college periodical to which Thackeray was a contributor, seventeen numbers, complete in one volume, original boards; and "The Paris Sketch Book" (1840), "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" (1846), and "The History of Pendennis" (1850), each containing one or more original drawings by Thackeray.

The first editions of American authors include Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (1829), in the original boards, but with trimmed edges (similar to the copy which recently brought $1,200 in Philadelphia); Maria Lowell's "Poems" (1855), presentation copy; Irving's "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" (1829), with twenty-five lines of the original manuscript inserted; a Whittier leaflet, "In War Time," with autograph corrections; and a fine copy of Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" (1849). The Hawthorne "Love Letters," printed for a Chicago book club, the Society of the Dofobs, by the courtesy of W. K. Bixby of St. Louis, the owner of the manuscript, is

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the first copy offered at auction. Of sixty-two copies printed two went for copyright, ten were retained by Mr. Bixby, and fifty went to the members of the club. A copy recently changed hands privately at $200.

In the list of manuscripts is a folio half-bound blank book belonging to the Thoreau family, first used by Sophia, then by John, and finally by Henry D. Thoreau as a journal. It contains a number of notes about birds around Concord by John and Henry, as well as the first rough draft, 25 pages, of "A Walk to Wachusett." Between the leaves are pressed specimens of grasses and wild flowers with their scientific names on little slips of paper written by Thoreau. One of Charlotte Brontë's manuscripts, "Tales of the Islanders," written in 1829; several Washington letters, a volume containing Lincoln autograph letters and documents and letters written to Lincoln, and a similar volume containing specimens of twenty-four Victorian authors, are other interesting items.

Among the Americana are Hakluyt's Voyages (1599-1600), 3 vols.; Hubbard's "Present State of New England" (1677); Hopkins's "Historical Memoirs Relating to the Housatunnuk Indians" (1753); and Hubley's "History of the American Revolution" (1805), Vol. 1, all published.

In addition to the association items already noted, may be mentioned a series of twenty-eight volumes from the library of Thomas Jefferson, a book with Hawthorne's autograph and one with Thackeray's embossed stamp. Jefferson's library, sold to the government in 1815, formed the nucleus of the present Library of Congress. Books from his library therefore seldom come upon the market. It was not his custom generally to write his autograph in his books, but instead to make a private mark. Where the signature mark I or J occurred at the bottom of the page he would put a manuscript T before the signature letter; in the same way on signature T he would put a manuscript J after the signature letter. Most of the books offered in the present sale contain one or more of these private marks. Several also have the autograph of his daughter, but only two or three contain his own autograph signature or notes.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell on March 16, 17, and 18 a collection of books including a portion of the library of the late Rev. E. P. Roe. There are several volumes of early English poetry, among them John Donne's "Poems" (1634), first edition; William Cartwright's "Comedies, Tragi-Comedies with other Poems" (1651); Charles Cotton's "Poems on Several Occasions" (1689); and John Lilly's "Sixe Court Comedies" (1632). Notable also are a nearly complete series of the first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson; 24 lots relating to "Don Quixote," including several unusual editions; Pierce Egan's "Life in London" (1821), large paper; and publications of the Club of Odd Volumes, Dunlap Society, and Essex House Press.

On March 16 and 17, C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, will sell a collection of books, including the library of F. J. Mansfield of Burlington, Ia. Early American almanacs, books on the civil war, and a complete set of the publications of the Maine Historical Society are items of importance.

The second portion of the library of Lord Amherst of Hackney will be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, March 24 to 27. The books printed by Caxton, which would have been included in this portion, are mentioned in their proper places in the catalogue, with the statement that they were sold privately. This collection of Caxton's, as was announced at the time, was purchased *en bloc* by J. Pierpont Morgan. This portion of the Amherst sale includes two copies of the First Folio Shakespeare, neither absolutely perfect, but the two together will make a perfect copy lacking only the title-page. Only one Shakespeare quarto seems to have been owned by Lord Amherst, the Roberts edition of "A Midsomer Night's Dream" (1600). The collection of editions of English Prayer Books is very extensive, and there are no less than nine editions of Henry VIII's "Primer." Among the early printed books is a copy of Jenson's edition of Pliny's Natural History (Venice, 1472), one of the most beautiful productions of the early Venice press, described as an exceedingly fine copy. Several early English literary manuscripts are notable items; among them is a volume containing English poems by John Northwodde of Bordesley, near Birmingham, written in 1386; a manuscript by Thomas Occleve; and two fifteenth century manuscripts by Richard Rolle of Hampole.

The current number of the *Library*, the English quarterly, contains a Bibliography of Milton, by Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum. The controversial pamphlets are described, as well as the more interesting and valuable poetical works. In arranging the title-pages of "Paradise Lost," Mr. Pollard agrees with most of the recent writers, and gives precedence to the 1667 edition, with Milton's name in large type, though in the Amherst catalogue a copy of this form is described as second issue.

Correspondence.

POE'S INDEBTEDNESS TO BYRON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent book on Byron's vogue and influence in America dismisses Byron's influence on Poe with less than a page. Poe's editors and biographers have, with few exceptions, made more of the matter, and some of them have held that Poe was in his earliest volume of poems—the famous little edition printed at Boston in 1827—pretty completely under the Byronic spell. Prof. G. E. Woodberry, for example, asserts in his life of Poe that "Tamerlane" is thoroughly Byronic, and implies that the rest of Poe's first volume was largely modelled after Byron. Two other distinguished editors of Poe, E. C. Stedman and R. H. Stoddard, have even ventured to specify the works of Byron that most influenced two of Poe's poems: Stedman in one of his essays on Poe proclaimed "Tamerlane" a "manifest adumbration of 'The Giaour'"; and Stoddard has pointed out that parts of "Al Aaraaf" evidence an acquaintance with Byron's "The Deformed Transformed." But no student of Poe has taken the trouble to look into the matter of Poe's indebtedness in detail or with any attempt at exhaustiveness. Such an attempt must have made it clear that Poe's indebtedness to Byron extended considerably farther than has heretofore been held. It is revealed not alone in the volumes of 1827 and 1829, but also in the volume of 1831, and in some of the fugitive poems that appeared even later. Furthermore, it involves not only the reflecting of some Byronic mood or the imitation of Byron's general method and style, but also, in several cases, the borrowing of Byron's themes and, in a few instances, the appropriation likewise of his language.

"Tamerlane" not only adumbrates "The Giaour," as the critics have pointed out; but it also resembles Byron's "Manfred." For "Manfred" has all the significant motives which "Tamerlane" and "The Giaour" have in common; and possesses, besides, in its hero, a better prototype of Poe's hero than does "The Giaour." Moreover, there is a rather close parallel both in phrase and in situation between a passage in "Manfred" (iii, 1, 66-78), the prologue to Manfred's confession, and the opening lines of "Tamerlane" (1-12). Besides "Tamerlane," there are in the volume of 1827 five brief personal lyrics in which Poe sings, in the manner of Byron, of his own joys and sorrows, of his youthful pride and ambitions, and of subsequent disappointment and despair. These are: "Dreams," "A Dream within a Dream," "A Dream," "The Happiest Day, the Happiest Hour," and "Stanzas," the last on the list taking its cue from a mystical passage in Byron's "The Island" (Canto ii, Stanza 16), which Poe uses as the motto of his poem. And in the volume of 1829 there is one other lyric in the same strain as these, the piece there called "Preface," but known in the edition of 1845 as "Romance." Still later poems which strike the same notes are "To One in Paradise" (1835) and the sonnet "To Zante" (1837). Sundry other poems in these early volumes deal with themes or situations that put the reader in mind of themes or situations that Byron had also handled. The lines "To —— ——" (beginning "I saw thee on thy bridal day"), now usually interpreted as referring to Miss Royster's marriage to Mr. Shelton, will remind one of the partial likeness between Poe's love affair with Miss Royster and Byron's with Mary Anne Chaworth, and will recall Byron's numerous verses on his unhappy passion. Two other early poems with the exasperating title "To ——," beginning, respectively, "The bowers whereat in dreams I see," and "I heed not that my earthly lot," are also Byronic, the latter of the two presenting a situation analogous to that of Byron's lines, "And Wilt Thou Weep When I am Low?" "The Lake," with its wild setting and its mention of suicide, finds a parallel in the situation in "Manfred" (i, 2), where the hero of that drama contemplates suicide amid similar environments. Another distinctly Byronic piece is the blank-verse description of the Coliseum, a subject that Byron had twice dealt with—first in "Manfred," and later in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." And there is some similarity in context between Poe's fantastic verses "To the River ——" and Byron's "Stanzas to the Po."

But the most interesting examples of Poe's indebtedness to Byron are furnished by two poems not so far mentioned. These are his juvenile production entitled "Spirits of the Dead," and the remarkable dream-fantasy, "The City in the Sea." The first

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exemplifies a sort of borrowing that Poe indulged in, so far as is known with certainty, in only one other of his poems, "Al Aaraaf," in the first part of which he incorporated, with slight modifications, several passages culled from "Lalla Rookh." Poe's "Spirits of the Dead" is largely a piece of mosaic, a patchwork made up of words and ideas drawn from a passage in Byron's "Manfred," the memorable incantation at the end of the first scene of the first act. The most striking parallel appears in the following couplets:

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;

There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish—

the first being lines 19 and 20 of Poe's poem —the other, lines 13 and 14 of Byron's. Other resemblances are less striking, but can hardly be held to be accidental. In the concluding stanza of Poe's "Spirits of the Dead"—

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token—

there is pretty close agreement, both in thought and in expression, with lines 7 to 10 of Byron's poem:

[When] the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine
With a power and with a sign.

There is also some resemblance, though only in thought, between lines 11 and 12 and 15 to 18 of Poe's poem and lines 37 to 40 of Byron's poem. Byron's incantation comprises seventy lines; Poe's lyric, less than thirty. But the two have three rhymes in common, and there are in Poe's poem no less than fourteen lines that find some visible correspondence in Byron's.

The indebtedness revealed by "The City in the Sea" is less obvious than that seen in "Spirits of the Dead," but is, I believe, none the less real. In its imagery and in its melody, "The City in the Sea" puts one in mind of Coleridge, and it may well owe something to "Kubla Khan." But for the general situation with which the poem deals, it is my belief that Poe was indebted to Byron's melodramatic lines entitled "Darkness." Byron's concern in "Darkness" is to picture conditions on earth as they will be on the last day of the world's existence. Poe also appears to be concerned with the end of the world—not, however, with terrestrial conditions on that dread day, but with the destruction of death and hell, of which the apostle writes in Revelation. In painting his weird picture, Poe probably went for some of his details, as Byron had done before him, to the Scriptures, but he appears to have borrowed from Byron's poem two of his most impressive situations: the extinction of all light in the heavens, and the utter stillness of the winds accompanied by supreme calm upon the waters everywhere. The first is depicted in Byron's poem in these lines:

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless.

and in Poe's poem in these:

No rays from the holy heaven came down
On the long night-time of that town.

The second situation Byron presents thus:

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd.

The corresponding situation in Poe is presented thus:

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

There are no verbal agreements between the two poems, but the general resemblance seems to me too close to be traced to accident.

Such other resemblances between Byron and Poe as I have stumbled on are less obvious or less noteworthy than those already mentioned; and it may be that most of them are nothing more than coincidences. I submit them, however, since their cumulative evidence may be worth something. First in order of time is the line from the concluding section of "Al Aaraaf":

The night that waned and waned and brought no day,

which is perhaps a reminiscence of the sixth line of Byron's "Darkness":

Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day.

In Poe's "Irene" (the earlier form of "The Sleeper") occur these lines:

The lady sleeps: oh! may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep—
No icy worms about her creep;

the first two lines of which will recall the following couplet from the incantation in "Manfred," already mentioned as the source of Poe's "Spirits of the Dead":

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep.

And the third line in the same passage finds a parallel in these lines from "The Giaour" (945-948):

It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep.

Finally there is some resemblance between the exquisite song of Nesace in the second part of "Al Aaraaf," beginning:

'Neath blue-bell or streamer—
Or tufted wild spray
That keeps from the dreamer
The moonbeams away—

and the Stranger's incantation in the first scene of Byron's "The Deformed Transformed," which begins with the words:

Beautiful shadow
Of Thetis's boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy.

Stoddard a good many years ago called attention to the resemblance between Nesace's song and another lyric in "The Deformed Transformed," beginning:

The black bands came over
The Alps and their snow;

but the resemblance to the Stranger's incantation is closer both in movement and in substance.

Other instances of Byron's influence doubtless remain to be pointed out, but these are sufficient to warrant certain general conclusions as to Poe's indebtedness. With reference to the period of Byron's influence, it may be said that Poe was most under the Byronic spell during the half-dozen years just preceding 1830, and that this spell was not entirely broken before 1837. With reference to extent, it is safe to say that Byron's influence is reflected in two out of three of the poems printed before 1840, and hence in almost half of all the poems that Poe wrote. In some cases, this influence is, as always with the influence of Coleridge, vague and impalpable, but in others it is both substantial and easily perceived. The works of Byron to which Poe owed most appear to have been "Manfred," "Childe Harold," and "The Giaour."

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

University of Texas, Austin, February 20.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An entirely new edition of the late Baron von Biedermann's standard collection of all known conversations of Goethe is now being prepared with the active encouragement of the leading Goethe scholars. In view of the great importance of this work, every effort is being put forth to make this final edition as complete and reliable as possible in every respect. Hence any one in possession of any additions or corrections to the first edition is earnestly requested to send them to the general editor, Freiherr F. W. von Biedermann, No. 33 Albrechtstrasse, Steglitz bei Berlin; or to the undersigned (who is editing the conversations recorded in English). The accounts of the following Englishmen and Americans have already been examined and prepared for the press: G. Bancroft, Albert Brisbane, G. H. Calvert, J. G. Cogswell, George Downes, H. E. Dwight, William Emerson, R. P. Gillies, A. B. Granville, G. H. Lewes, John Murray, Sir Charles Murray, H. C. Robinson (MSS.), W. R. Swifte ("Wilhelm's Wanderings"), Thackeray, George Ticknor, Joseph Wolff (exact date still undetermined); but there must be many others still unnoticed.

LEONARD L. MACKALL,

Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse, 13, Jena, Germany, February 17.

SAMUEL PEPYS, 1633-1703.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose a clipping from Catalogue No. 730, issued by the Anderson Auction Company of New York city:

238. [DEFOE (DANIEL).] Memoirs of the life and adventures of Signor Rozelli at the Hague. * * * *Adorned with curious copper-plates.* Transl. from the French by Defoe. 2 vols. 12mo. original panelled calf. Name of Richard Usticke on title. Lond. 1724

RARE. Both volumes bear the fine old bookplate of Reginald Pole. Vol. 2 has the initials S. P. on a fly-leaf—query, Samuel Pepys?

Was it not Eugene Field who chronicled the discovery by a Chicago bibliophile, of Dante's autograph on the fly-leaf of a volume of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems? K.

Cincinnati, February 20.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF BERYTUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fate of Berytus (the modern Beirût), a prosperous port of Phœnicia, which was destroyed in 551 A. D. by earthquake and fire, presents such a parallel to the recent disaster at Messina that the following epigrams from the Greek, the first two by the contemporary poet, Joannes Barbucallus, are not without modern interest. There is pathos in the thought that Poseidon, "the earthshaker," appears on coins of Berytus, and that he, as well as the sea-born Aphrodite, proved to be no reliable patron saint.

Palatine Anthology, ix, 425: Here am I, that unhappy city—no more a city—lying in ruins, my citizens dead men, alas! most ill-fated of all! The Fire-god destroyed me after the shock of the Earth-shaker. Ah me! From so much loveliness I am become ashes. Yet do ye who pass me by bewail my fate, and shed a tear in honor of Berytus that is no more.

Anthology, ix, 426: Where is Aphrodite, guardian of the city, that she may look upon the shelterless haunt of the dead, once the abode of the Graces? A tomb of tombless men is the city, under whose ashes we lie, Beroe's many thousands. Inscribe upon a single stone above us, dear mortals who survive: "Here lies Berytus, lamented city, buried above ground."

Anthology, ix, 427: Sailor, stay not thy vessel's course for me, nor lower thy sails: dry land is the port you see. I am become one tomb; to some other place, free from sorrow, shalt thou urge with sounding oar thy advancing bark. Such was the will of Poseidon and the hospitable gods. Farewell, sea-faring men; farewell to you who fare on land!

H. H. Yeames.

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., March 1.

THE LOVE OF STUDY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An editorial in the *Nation* of February 25 revives a faint hope of a return to the love of study, apparently a thing of the past. Our general system of education well deserves the name "machine made." It is a rush through grades from the singularly unideal kindergarten to the entrance examinations of college, for which youth is practically fitted with the smallest margin of non-requirements. And from college the exit is accomplished, to quote a schoolboy phrase, "on the shave." The great end to be reached by many of our students seems to be forgetfulness of everything learned that does not directly contribute to the accumulation of dollars and cents.

This is a curious and melancholy state of affairs, difficult to comprehend by a person educated in an old-fashioned way, in a home library where a love of the best in literature and art was developed very early, where learning to read was the delightful means to a still more delightful end, the perusal of poetry and story, history, and those beginnings in science called natural philosophy. It was not a college degree that added lustre to early maturity, but an abiding joy in study, a zest in acquiring knowledge that never dims, but presses middle age to further endeavor, and even vitalizes the sluggish current of the general reading of to-day with a copious admixture from the living springs of the past.

S. M. H. G.

Andover, Mass., March 2.

THE TRAINING OF AN ARTIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 25 you publish an article entitled "The Case of the Art School." Mr. Borglum's article in the *Craftsman*, which furnished you with the text, was supposedly read by people who knew something of the truth of the matter in hand; let them judge for themselves. The article in the *Nation* has been read, I imagine, by many who accept your statement as the final word. In justice to the earnest workers who are striving to uplift the public through their teaching in the schools I ask you to publish this protest.

Your main cause of complaint is that art schools profess to produce artists; that this is wrong—that their highest aim should be to create artisans. The first is, of course, not the boast of any art school: the divine fire is not in human gift. But will it burn less brilliantly for being guided? It might, perhaps, if it were true that the student worked under "rare and perfunctory criticism." But by what authority do you state that such is the case—or that he is held to "a stupid routine of drawing the human body" "as an inert and bulging mass." If you will investigate modern methods you will find that the sketch and action classes play large parts in the study of the figure.

You state that the "road to art is through fine handicraft"—and seem to imply that it is the end and aim. None more than art teachers realize that sound craftsmanship is one of the fundamentals; but it is not all. Is Tadema, with all his technical perfection, rated above Watts, whose methods left much to be desired? And you profess that the "only way" is the fifteenth century one of apprenticeship to a great artist. As well state that the only proper way for us to get a classical education would be to sit under Filelfo or an Aretino, as in the good old renaissance days.

If you investigate the modern art school, you will find that the reasoning of all the ages is given the student as a foundation for his structure: will the divine fire be hurt by such methods? As well say that it is folly for the budding poet to study grammar, or to take a course in comparative literature. Where is the wisdom of ordaining that a beginner shall subject himself "to many years of practical servitude" under a master? He will, it is true, learn to be of great help to that master (all that Mr. Borglum desires, evidently) —but will he learn any of the great underlying principles of art? Yes, if the artist be a very great man, and is sympathetic; but in most cases, very decidedly, no. How much better to go to a school where what spark of fire the student may have will be kindled by the enthusiasm of the teachers and the emulation of his fellows; and history and theory and practice given him in such manner that it will be the best stimulus!

You test the "efficacy of modern art education" by the number of former art students "earning their living by the practice of their art," and announce "an insignificant fraction." But only the born artist will be able so to support himself—and the art school merely professes to give good training to those who come, and not to create artists. And as for the adverse opinions given by "great modern painters" concerning their training, it must be remembered that in their student days the old systems still obtained. Though you do not credit them with the fact, the modern art schools are probably almost as progressive as you, yourself. Fortunately you acknowledge that "even in the school, we may hope to make competent craftsmen." Do not mislead the public into thinking that it is useless to try to train the artist also. Investigate before you state that this "so-called training is based on vicious doctrine or sheer pretence"—you may find that the teachers are as sincere and as honorable as you yourself, and, perhaps, as reasonable. Huger Elliott.

Director, Rhode Island School of Design.

Providence, March 3.

[It is proper to say that the article in question was contributed by one eminently qualified to speak on the subject. We believe it is true, for example, that the exhibitions of the so-called "Arts and Crafts" in this country disclose a handicraft not equal to that abroad, where manual dexterity is more exactingly taught. If the modern art school turned out competent work, it would be shown in the competitions for a great post-graduate prize, such as the Lazarus Scholarship for Mural Painting. On the contrary, these competitive works, as various artists testify, display deficiency both in invention and craftsmanship. It is also significant that our commercial decorative houses prefer European labor, because the European hand is better trained than the American. These are some of the considerations which lead us to believe that our contributor was right.—Ed. The Nation.]

POLITICS AND A FEDERAL BANK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Would not the same factor (politics) that destroyed the second United States Bank, tend to destroy a similar institution to-day? B. H. Hibbard.

Iowa State College, Ames, March 5.

THE WATER OF THE MIDDLE YUBA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is only one statement in Mr. Edmund A. Whitman's letter in your issue of February 25 that needs an answer. Mr. Whitman says:

Mr. Olney reiterates that San Francisco must go to the Tuolumne because the waters of all other streams are already monopolized, and yet he was present at the hearing in Washington when Mr. Englebright, the member of Congress in whose district Hetch Hetchy lies, called attention to the Middle Fork of the Yuba River, where one hundred million gallons a day can be had, and where the water is now "used for nothing."

Here is the stenographic report of what Mr. Englebright said about the Middle Yuba, pages 376-377 of the Proceedings before the Committee on Public Lands:

The Chairman. Is the water now used for irrigation—the lower Yuba?

Mr. Englebright. No.

The Chairman. Is it utilized for mining?

Mr. Englebright. It is used for nothing. The only use is on the North Yuba and the South Yuba. The North Yuba is used for power and some irrigation. The Middle

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Yuba is practically unused at all, except by a single mining company.

The Chairman. It is not available for irrigation, then?

Mr. Englebright. Not at the present time. It would be if canals were constructed.

The Chairman. Is there territory adjacent to that which requires irrigation?

Mr. Englebright. Yes, there is. It has simply never been built (utilized?) on account of the expense.

To the best of my knowledge Mr. Whitman is the only person that has ever suggested the Middle Yuba as a source of water supply for the cities about San Francisco Bay. I know of no statement being made of the quantity of water that can be obtained from the Middle Yuba. Mr. McCutcheon, representing the Spring Valley Water Works, before the committee, had said that the Middle and South Forks of the Yuba could be relied on for one hundred million gallons per day, but it is evident that the South Fork was what he principally had in mind. All people acquainted with the country know that the reservoir sites are on the South Yuba and those have been utilized for fifty years. The largest one is Bowman's Dam. There are two small reservoir sites on the Middle Fork high up in the mountains, viz: English Dam and Milton, but their capacity is small and the watershed above them is small. They are about seventy-five miles northeast of the city of Marysville. A glance at the map will show how impossible it is to utilize the waters of that stream. San Francisco had both the South and North Yubas carefully surveyed, and her engineers have rejected both. The pipe line would necessarily be twice the length of the one from Tuolumne River. If cost were not an element to be considered, New York city could obtain its water supply from Lake Erie.

It is within the power of the United States to make the cost to the bay cities of procuring water from the Sierras so great that the supply cannot be obtained in our time. If we are not permitted to take water from the Hetch Hetchy that water will not be permitted to go to waste, but will be diverted below the line of the National Park and utilized for power purposes, thereby precluding San Francisco from getting that supply, the same as she is now precluded from the other accessible streams of the Sierras. WARREN OLNEY.

San Francisco, March 4.

Notes.

The spring list of Longmans, Green, & Co. contains a number of attractive titles, among them: "A Pluralistic Universe," the Hibbert Lectures for 1908, by William James; "The Springs of Helicon," a study in the progress of English poetry from Chaucer to Milton, by J. W. Mackail; "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases," recomposed throughout; "Chapters on Municipal Administration and Accounting," and "Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States," by Frederick A. Cleveland; "The Essentials of Self-Government (England and Wales)," by Ellis T. Powell; "Joseph Cowen's Speeches on the Near Eastern Question," revised by his daughter; "The English Scholarship System, in Its Relation with the Secondary Schools for Boys and Girls," by M. E. Sadler; "The Curious Case of Lady Purbeck: a Scandal of the XVIIth Century," by the author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby"; "Visitors to the New World before and after Columbus," by Marion Mulhall; "Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum," by Richard Bagwell; "The Political History of England," Vol. IX, 1702 to 1760, by I. S. Leadam; "Unemployment," by W. H. Beveridge; "The Spirit of Christ in Common Life," by Dr. Charles Bigg; "A Memoir of George Howard Wilkinson," by Dr. A. J. Mason; "History of the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist," by Darwell Stone; "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England, 1781-1803," by Bernard Ward; "Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics," by the Rev. W. Forbes Leith, S.J.

W. S. Booth is said to have discovered about two hundred acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon in books, which, with few exceptions, appeared under the names of other men, or with no names at all. Among the authors who are thus robbed of works commonly attributed to them are Spenser, Marlowe, Puttenham, Bodenham, and Shakespeare. His theories are to be published this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a book entitled "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon." Many facsimiles will help the reader to test the theory by his own eye. The motto for the volume we have not heard; we should like to suggest as appropriate:

And many are amazed and many doubt.

Among the other books promised for this spring by Houghton Mifflin Co. are: "The People at Play," by R. L. Hartt; "Haremlik," some pages from the life of Turkish women, by Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown); "Wild Life on the Rockies," by E. A. Mills; "Stickeen," by John Muir; "A Voyage on an Ice-Pan," by W. T. Grenfell; "My Cranford," by Arthur Gilman; "Remaking the Mississippi," by J. L. Matthews; "Human Nature in Politics," by Graham Wallas; "State Insurance," by F. W. Lewis; "Education in the Far East," by C. T. Thwing; "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," rewritten, by G. E. Woodberry; "The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler"; "The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor," new edition with introduction by Ferris Greenslet; "The Story of New Netherland," by W. E. Griffis; "Our Naval War with France," by G. W. Allen; "Shakespeare and His Critics," by C. F. Johnson; "Studies in Christianity," by B. P. Bowne; "Is Immortality Desirable?" by G. Lowes Dickinson; "The Silver Cup," by C. C. Hall; "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems," by E. W. Thomson; and "The Poetical Works of John Dryden," Cambridge poets, edited by G. R. Noyes.

Next month Moffat, Yard & Co. promise the publication of William Winter's "Old Friends," reminiscences for the most part not before printed. In May the same house will bring out the complete and final edition of Mr. Winter's "Poems" in one volume.

The much talked-of study of Shelley by Francis Thompson in the *Dublin Review* is to be brought out in book form by Burns & Oates, with an introduction by George Wyndham, who ranks the essay as "the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years." The volume will also contain further "Notes on Shelley" by Thompson.

Methuen & Co. announce a new edition of Prof. Bury's Gibbon, with illustrations and many additional notes.

"Puck of Pook's Hill" is reissued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in their uniform edition of Kipling in limp red leather. The plates are apparently those of the edition of 1906, but the margins are narrower and the pictures by Arthur Rackham are omitted. The volume is neat and convenient.

The triple section of the "New English Dictionary" from Premisal to Prophesier, prepared by Sir James A. H. Murray, records 4,381 words to the "Century's" 1,960 and Johnson's 584, and 20,450 illustrative quotations to the "Century's" 3,062 and Johnson's 1,657. As the prefixes suggest, a large proportion is made up of unimpeachable Greeks and Romans of easily traceable ancestry. So many, however, have developed new senses or widened their application that the articles in this section are unusually long and entertaining. It is surprising how much poetry and history the deep-going spade of the lexicographer has been able to turn up about the roots of such a modern-sounding word as President. It is found in the sense of a secular ruler as early as 1375. In the same century it is also applied to the head of a religious house. In 1413 Pilate is spoken of as a "false precydent." Still quainter is this from Crooke's "Body of Man," 1615: "The Nymphes are sayed to bee presedents or dieties of the fountaines." It is interesting to note that in King James's Bible, Acts xxiii, 24, Felix is called a governor, whereas in Wiclif's, 1382, he appears as president. The same change took place in the designation of the chief executive in several of the American States. It was not till 1792 that the President of the State of New Hampshire had to content himself with the title of Governor. One is a little irritated to learn that President, meaning the chairman of a business concern, is branded as an Americanism. "In England," says Freeman, 1883, "we never, I think, give it [the title] to the head of a purely commercial body." One misses in this classic assemblage the exotic colors of barbarian visitors, but there are a number of wily monosyllables like Prim, Prink, and Prod which have writhed their way into the language from no one knows just where. The extremely useful Prig is a comparatively recent arrival with a striking career. At its advent in the latter part of the sixteenth century, it was a cant word for tinker. A few years later it was defined as thief. Dekker, who discourses amply on the rogues of his day in "The Belman of London" and "Lanthorne and Candlelight," says definitely that Prigging is riding and a Prigger is a horse-thief. But it is a long journey from Prig, a horse-thief, to Prig, "one who cultivates or affects a propriety of culture, bearing, or *morals*." The steps in the process have not yet been made clear. One may conjecture that the epithet was transferred from a sleek rogue riding another man's horse to a sleek gentleman riding his own horse, thence to a sleek gentleman without a horse, or, one may conjecture, as the editor suggests, that there were two Prigs

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entering the language at about the same time. More recent than Prig and of finer lineage is Presentiment, which apparently made its début about 1714, and which seems now to be displacing the older and more solemn Presage and Foreboding. Later still is Preterhuman, the earliest use of which is appropriately credited to Shelley, 1811. At about 1836 our knowing grandfathers began to speak of the Prescientific age. To the age which supervened we are indebted for the excruciating jaw-breaker, Prezygapophysis, 1866. Perhaps the most impressive recent development recorded is that of the prefix Pro—in a polemical sense—a sense developed within the nineteenth century, but volcanically active in the journalistic press of the last ten years, resulting in such choice coinages as Pro-breecher, Pro-liquorite, and Pro-vaccinist.

Part ii of Vol. IV of the Publications of the Philippine Bureau of Science, Division of Ethnology (pp. 109-391) is "The History of Sulu," by Hajeeb M. Saleeby. The volume, when completed, will comprise three studies of the Moros. The third part, yet to appear, will be a history of the Mohammedan missionaries who converted the Malays of the South Philippines. The first part, "Studies in Moro History, Law, and Religion," appeared in 1906, and was mentioned in these columns as the most important contribution yet made to the study of Moro institutions. Dr. Saleeby is a native of Arabia, born of Christian parents, educated and naturalized in the United States. For two years he served as an army surgeon at posts among the Moros of Mindanao, and for four years thereafter under the Philippine civil government as superintendent of schools and a member of the legislative council for the Moro province. His knowledge of Arabic, as well as of Mohammedan customs, and his early acquisition of the principal Moro dialects, gave him an access to these rather difficult races of ours in a degree altogether unique among American administrators. What he says has, therefore, peculiar value. This "History of Sulu" is not, by the nature of the subject, a contribution so distinctly new as the Moro "Studies." Much that is new, to the world that reads only European languages, is, however, brought out from the Moro side, as regards Sulu genealogy, early religion, and history. In the main, the history treats the period of Spanish-Moro relations, 1578-1899. Dr. Saleeby has not fully explored the Spanish bibliography of the subject, and some of his opinions are open to question; but he has presented in the body of the work and its twenty-four appendices, mostly drawn from the Blair-Robertson series and the government archives at Manila, much hitherto unpublished material. Appendix xxiv, we note, is unfortunately credited not to Governor-General Despujols, but to the clerk who attested it. There are four maps and two genealogical diagrams. Lastly, the author's comments on Spanish policy often have great pertinence to-day. For example:

> Temporary military commanders were put in command without the necessary preparation for the requirements of the office. . . . Not one of these felt that it was his duty to institute a permanent policy for Sulu, or believed that he was going to stay long enough to carry it through, and that he was going to be held responsible for its conduct, whether it failed or succeeded—p. 261.

"Ancient China Simplified" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Edward H. Parker, is designed to give an outline of authentic Chinese history from 842 B. C. down to the time of Confucius and to describe the life of the people of those days. It is the result of laborious research in the ancient documents by an accomplished scholar who was for nearly thirty years a resident in the country and is now professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester. The information given is not in the form of a continuous narrative, but in a series of miscellaneous sketches from which one can gain an idea of what the ancient Chinaman was and the principles and motives which governed him. It was a difficult undertaking; for the early Chinese annals, he assures us, contain little more history than the "generations of Adam" in the fifth chapter of Genesis. The uncouthness of the strange names and their similarity—Tsi, Tsin, Ts'in, Ts'u are the constantly recurring names of four of the leading states—also add to the difficulty of making the story intelligible to the English reader. Though as a whole the book will appeal only to the special student, there is much of general interest in it. This isolated people, for there is nothing to show that they had any intercourse with the world outside their little empire (now the province of Honan), except with their immediate neighbors, the Tartars, had customs which we connect with an advanced stage of civilization; for example, the inviolability of envoys. Suffragettes were apparently not the product of the twentieth century, for at a great durbar of princes in the year 651 B. C. the following command was recorded: "Do not let women meddle with state affairs!" In the numerous anecdotes of distinguished rulers and their companions there is occasionally a gleam of humor. A commendable fact, worthy of record, is that though slaves were numerous they were treated so kindly that there never was a slave revolt. A sketch of the life of Confucius and some account of his literary work are to be found at the close of the volume; and a striking portrait is given of a duke, now living, who is the seventy-sixth in descent from the sage. Assistance in following the historic narrative is rendered by nine maps showing the relative positions of the states at different periods, and there is a very full index.

"Skotland's Rímur: Icelandic Ballads on the Gowrie Conspiracy" (Henry Frowde), edited by W. A. Craigie, is an interesting addition to this class of Icelandic texts. The series of six *rímur*—each in a different metre, as was customary with such poems—gives an account of the famous alleged conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie against the life of James VI of Scotland (afterwards James I of England) in the year 1600. Their author, as we learn from the unique manuscript in the Arna-Magnæan collection of the University of Copenhagen, was Einar Gudmundsson, who was priest at Stad on Reykjaness (Iceland) in the first half of the seventeenth century. The volume contains a sketch of Einar's life from the pen of a living Icelandic antiquarian—Sighvatur Grímsson. The immediate source of the *rímur* seems to have been a Danish prose narrative of the Gowrie conspiracy, which Mr. Craigie reprints in an appendix. The text is not accompanied by translation or glossary. The editor gives us, however, a useful list of poetic terms and kennings employed in the *rímur* and a considerable number of notes which are valuable as a contribution to Icelandic lexicography. It is to be observed that the introductory stanzas of the different parts of the series, with their moralizing pedantries and commonplaces, are quite mediæval in tone—which is not surprising in a man who wrecked his career by bringing absurd charges of witchcraft against his neighbors.

The mythological poems of "The Elder or Poetic Edda," commonly known as Sæmund's Edda, edited and translated with introduction and notes by Olive Bray and illustrated by W. G. Collingwood, constitutes the second volume of the Viking Club Translation Series (published for the club by David Nutt). The book is not addressed to students and scholars, but rather to the wider circle of readers who feel an interest in Norse mythology; and the critical apparatus is accordingly adapted to the needs of this class. Nevertheless, the editor is familiar with the authoritative literature of her subject and has made good use of the two previous renderings of "The Poetic Edda" into English—especially that which is included in the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale." The Icelandic text and the English translation—the latter literal, in the main, and line for line—are printed on pages facing each other, so that it is easy to compare them. It is a pity, however, even in a work of this character that the order of the poems as found in the Codex Regius should not be observed, and still more that the order of the stanzas in the individual poems, as in the case of the "Grimnismál," should be sometimes changed. In giving the interpretations that have been proposed for the word "edda," it would have been well to have added the one which until quite recently enjoyed especial favor, namely, "poetics." A bibliography at the end gives a list of all important editions of "The Poetic Edda" and the principal books and articles which have contributed to its elucidation.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has issued a "Catalogue of Books in the Children's Department," containing 2,500 titles, and intended, so the preface states, for the use of children. The reference is made easy for the child by an author's index, a subject index, and a title index; some of the annotations are adequate, but the librarian has not yet satisfactorily solved the problem of proper annotation of a work of this kind. It would have been well in a catalogue of such proportion, to indicate the desirability of reissuing certain volumes now out of print. This policy was attempted by Miss Caroline M. Hewins in "A Selected List," when she suggested the republication of Lydia Maria Child's "Flowers for Children," Harriet Myrtle's "Country Scenes," and Grace Greenwood's "Merrie England." This new catalogue represents, however, on the whole, long and conscientious labor. We might ask, in reference to recent books, where is mention of Norman Duncan's "Adventures of Billy Topsail," Mary Raymond Shippen Andrews's "A Perfect Tribute," L. Allan Harker's "Concerning Paul and Fiametta," and Virginia Gerson's "The Happy Heart Family"? We have looked everywhere for some mention

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of Boutet de Monvel and of that excellent picture book by Guigou and Vimar, "L'Illustre Dompteur." We are glad to see given the *whole* Bible and the *full* edition of Longfellow. Finally, do not our libraries duplicate work unnecessarily? By co-operation and organization, they might agree on one such catalogue of general authority, which could be added to from year to year in "supplements," and wholly revised every decade. Pittsburgh has laid the foundation for such unified work.

Donald Sage Mackay, whose untimely death two years ago at the early age of forty-four was a serious loss to the pulpit of New York city, came of a long line of rugged Scotch ministers. His father was a Glasgow clergyman, and on his mother's side the clerical ancestry went back to Aeneas Sage, a picturesque pastor of Rosshire in the early eighteenth century. Educated at the University of Glasgow and at New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Mackay spent the years of his ministry entirely in America. While his love for his adopted country was sincere and deep, he spoke of American frailties and failings with discernment and power, which gained from the aloofness of which he never fully divested himself. He was a thoughtful student and observer, a keen analyst of character and moral issues, a sympathetic witness to spiritual truth and aspirations. His sermons, as gathered in "The Religion of the Threshold" (A. C. Armstrong & Son), are well worth preservation. They are vigorous, straightforward assertions of earnest moral and religious convictions, free from partisanship, yet ministering to the best progressive manhood of our time.

To "The Bible for Home and School," Prof. Shailer Matthews, general editor, may be extended a cordial welcome, if the volume "Acts: the Second Volume of Luke's Work on the Beginnings of Christianity," by George Holley Gilbert (The Macmillan Co.), may be taken as representative of the series. The design is "to place the results of the best modern Biblical criticism at the disposal of the general reader." This purpose is accomplished by a brief introduction to the book, discussing date and authorship, literary character, and historical trustworthiness, followed by interpretative comment on the English text. Professor Gilbert's introduction to Acts is a model of succinct presentation of critical results, without argument except through clear exposition of cogent facts. The commentary offers explanation wherever it is really needed and trustworthy information from other sources. The series should furnish good text-books for elementary study for either class or private use.

Much excellent material has been gathered by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., in his "Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels" (Henry Frowde). Such a contribution is particularly welcome now that Pope Pius X, as has been announced, has ordered a new edition of the Vulgate, the editorial work being confided to the Benedictine Order. Accepting the results of recent scholars, Dom Chapman inquires what lines are to be followed for the restoration of Jerome's text of the Gospels. The first step, he thinks, will be to recover the readings of the codex possessed by Eugipius (first half of the sixth century), which must be determined by the witness of the Northumbrian family (the most important member of which is the Codex Amiatinus), with the aid of Codex Fuldensis (sixth century). The later Proba, to whom Eugipius dedicated his principal work, was of the same gens (the Anician) as the earlier Proba, one of the great Roman ladies to whom Jerome was a spiritual father. This earlier Proba would probably have had a copy of Jerome's manuscript which might have descended to her namesake and so have come to the knowledge of Eugipius. This, as the author remarks, is guesswork, but it is true that the interval of time between the publication of Jerome's Gospels (382) and the beginning of the work of Eugipius (ca. 490) was not great. Other points discussed are the relation of the Eugipian text to that of Codex Fuldensis and to the Gallican liturgy, the Capuan mass-books, the Irish text, the "Gospels of St. Augustine," and the Vulgate text of Gregory the Great. Chapman also reproduces his paper on Priscillian as the author of the "Monarchian" Prologues; the text of the Prologues is printed in full, and the attempt made to explain them. His view that Priscillian is their author has been favorably received, and it must be allowed that his argument for this view is impressive.

A new and promising venture in the department of German dialectology is the "Deutsche Dialektgeographie" (Marburg: R. G. Elwert), recently begun by Ferdinand Wrede. These studies will appear at irregular intervals. The first two contain papers by Jakob Ramisch entitled "Studien zur niederrheinischen Dialektgeographie," and by the editor on "Die Diminutiva im Deutschen."

C. H. Beck'sche Verlagshandlung of Munich has undertaken the publication in four volumes of a "Deutsche Sagenbuch," edited by Friedrich von der Leven, with the cooperation of F. Ranke and Alexander von Müller. The purpose is to furnish a complete account of the Germanic gods and heroes as portrayed by the literature and folklore down to the Middle Ages. The first volume, with the special title "Die Götter und Göttersagen der Germanen," by the editor, is devoted to the mythology of the Germans. The other volumes will follow soon.

Leonardo Olschki has contributed to the literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a book of 124 pages, "G. B. Guarini's Pastor Fido in Deutschland" (Leipzig: H. Haessel).

In the series of monographs, Wissenschaft und Bildung, edited by Dr. Paul Herre, an interesting new volume is F. Lienhard's "Das klassische Weimar." After an introduction about Germany's intellectual mission, the author gives a general review of the revolutionary and philosophical century, and proceeds to show the influence of Frederick the Great upon the intellectual life of his country, of Rousseau upon Klopstock and the emotional movement, of Lessing upon the literature of enlightenment. The relation of Herder to the folk-poetry of all nations is also discussed, and there are chapters on Kant and Schiller, and on Schiller and Goethe. (New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.)

The second volume of W. Otto's "Priester und Tempel im hellenistischen Aegypten: Ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte des Hellenismus" (Leipzig: Teubner) brings to a conclusion this comprehensive work, of which the first volume appeared several years ago. The first volume closed with an account of the revenues of the temples; and the present, excluding a discussion of the religious creeds of the period, treats the social status of the priests, including their morality and education; and, finally, the relation of state and church. Many of the details are drawn from reports of recent discoveries. The index is excellent.

Among recent German editions of foreign authors that of Balzac in the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig deserves particular notice. The fourth volume of the Comédie humaine has just appeared, "Verlorene Illusionen." The translator is Hedwig Lachmann, who has hitherto been known chiefly for her excellent translations of Swinburne, Wilde, and Poe.

A volume of reminiscences by the late Jonas Lie has been brought out by Haupt & Hammon of Leipzig, "Jonas Lies Erlebnisse." It is a book of 135 pages, containing letters, portraits, and illustrations. The translator is Mathilde Mann, long associated with German versions of Scandinavian authors.

Pupils and colleagues of Professor L. F. A. Wimmer of the University of Copenhagen, the Nestor of the teachers of Germanic philology in that institution, celebrated his seventieth birthday early in February by publishing a *festskrift*. The main celebration, however, was connected with his having given to the public the last part (Vol. IV, 2) of his Thesaurus of the Danish Runic Monuments, containing the vocabulary for the previous parts, the first of which was published in 1895. Professor Wimmer's work comprises in its four volumes (Copenhagen and Chicago: Glydendal Publishing House) 254 inscriptions and may, as regards artistic reproduction, careful reading, and scholarly and ingenious interpretation of the monuments, be regarded as a standard. Bugge's edition of the early runic inscriptions of Norway is still lacking its vocabulary, and the task of giving the several thousand Swedish runic monuments to the public, auspiciously begun in 1906, by the Royal Academy of Literature, History, and Antiquities of Stockholm, will probably occupy many years.

In the archives of Innsbruck, Prof. Andreas Galante recently found a large collection of hitherto unknown documents relating to the Council of Trent, consisting chiefly of more than a thousand letters addressed to Cardinal Christoph von Madruz, Prince Bishop of Trent (1539-67). The letters came from all parts of Europe, from kings, princes, cardinals, and other high dignitaries in state and church.

The Rev. William Wilberforce Rand died in Yonkers, March 3, at the age of ninety-two. He was born in Gorham, Me., was graduated from Bowdoin and the Bangor Theological Seminary, and then became a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. Since 1848 he had been engaged in an editorial capacity by the American Tract Society. In addition to the large amount of writing which he did in this way he published a "Bible Dictionary."

Richard Cornelius Barrett, professor of

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civics in the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, died at Des Moines March 3, at the age of fifty. He had been a county superintendent of schools in Iowa, State superintendent of public instruction, president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association, and editor of the *Iowa Teacher*.

Hinton Rowan Helper, an early anti-slavery agitator and an unceasing advocate of the project of a railway to connect North and South America, died by his own hand in Washington March 9, at the age of seventy-nine. He was born in North Carolina; and thus his "Impending Crisis of the South" (1857), an attack on slavery and an argument that abolition would vastly benefit the South, industrially and socially, was the sensation of the day. The book enjoyed enormous sales, and John Sherman's commendation of it was used against him in his unsuccessful candidacy for Speaker of the House in 1859-60. Helper was consul at Buenos Ayres 1862-66. His other books are: "The Three Americas Railway," "Nojoque," "The Negroes in Negroland," "The Land of Gold," and "Oddments of Andean Diplomacy."

Joseph W. Carr, professor of Germanic languages at the University of Maine, died at Orono March 4. He was thirty-eight years old, a graduate of Harvard, with a Ph.D. from Leipzig. He was president of the American Dialect Society and editor of the *American Dialect Notes*.

Mrs. Frederic Lindsley Drummond, who wrote under her maiden name, Sara King Wiley, died at East Orange, N. J., March 7, at the age of thirty-seven. Her first book was "Alaska, Yosemite, and the Yellowstone" (1898), in which she collaborated with her father, W. H. Wiley. Her other publications are "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," "Cromwell," a play (1900); "Alcestis and Other Poems" (1905), and "The Coming of Philibert" (1907).

The death is announced of Albrecht Wagner, professor of English at the University of Halle, in his sixtieth year. Among his works are "Ueber den Mönch von Heilsbronn," "Ueber die deutschen Namen der ältesten Freisinger Urkunden," "Marlowes Tamburlaine," "Shakespeares Macbeth," etc.

OLD LONDON.

The Gilds and Companies of London. By George Unwin. [The Antiquary's Books, general editor, J. Charles Cox]. Pp. xvi+397. London: Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

The history of gilds and of trading and industrial companies is a proverbially thorny subject. Both in England and on the Continent, it has been for the most part the monopoly of the specialist, ordinarily neglected by the average reader and student. Mr. Unwin's book is an attempt to present in a readable and attractive form the result of the most recent investigation. It lays little claim to originality. The authors from whom Mr. Unwin has drawn most of his material and conclusions are adequately indicated in the footnotes, with the possible exception of Professor Keutgen, many of whose theories in his "Aemter und Zünfte" are reproduced with a faithfulness which would seem to demand fuller acknowledgment than they have received. The book is unhappily disfigured by sundry errors and loose statements. "Schanz, Handelsgeschichte," for instance (p. 250 n), is certainly a misleading designation of Schanz's "Englische Handelspolitik gegen Ende des Mittelalters," especially in view of the fact that Mr. Unwin's book lacks a bibliography; and the opening sentence of Chapter xvii, to the effect that "the simplest account that can be given of the monopolies is that they were a device of the Stuarts for raising money without the consent of Parliament," invites protests from more directions than one. But, despite such blemishes, the general verdict on the book must be favorable. It is the work of a scholar and teacher of considerable reputation in his chosen field, who knows the printed literature of his subject *au fond;* it deserves to be taken seriously; it is attractively put together and amply illustrated.

In view of the prevailing fashion for historical pageants in England and Canada and the strong probability that they will soon be introduced into the United States, the chapter entitled "The Lord Mayor's Show" will probably arouse more interest in the average reader than any other part of Mr. Unwin's book. It contains an admirable description of the different processions and celebrations which usually accompanied royal entries into the capital and other state occasions, and in which most of the different gilds bore parts reminiscent of the more glorious episodes of their past. Thus the Fishmongers' ship which sailed up Cheapside in 1292 when Edward I returned from defeating the Scots, and again in 1312 when Queen Isabella bore a prince to Edward II, was a leading feature of the pageant at the Lord Mayor's show in 1616. The pageants, moreover, were for the most part organized and paid for by the different gilds, which often exhibited an energy and a lavishness that are astounding. When Sir Thomas Middleton, a prominent member of the Grocers' Company since 1582, was inaugurated as Lord Mayor of London in 1613, his gild spent nearly 900 pounds on their show. Included in the account are 500 loaves of sugar, 36 pounds of nutmeg, 24 pounds of dates, and 114 pounds of ginger to be cast abroad to the expectant citizens by those who rode the griffins and camels. Even more remarkable are the originality and ingenuity of the allegorical representations. In this same pageant of 1613, Error is depicted "in ash-colored silk, with an owl on her head, a bat on one shoulder, and a mole on the other, a mist hanging at her eyes, and blank verse in her mouth. With her rides Envy, on a rhinoceros attired in scarlet silk suitable to the bloodiness of her manners, her left pap bare where a snake fastens." Instances of this sort might be indefinitely multiplied, but enough has been done to show that Mr. Unwin's treatment of his subject is such as to make it far more attractive and human than it is usually given credit for being, and perhaps also to induce others to follow in his footsteps.

A Survey of London. By John Stow; reprinted from the text of 1603, with introduction and notes by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. 2 vols. Pp. c+352; 476. New York: Henry Frowde. $9.25.

In view of the amount of enthusiasm recently displayed for the publication of accurate versions of chronicles, memoirs, and other records of the past, it is somewhat surprising that John Stow, the most trustworthy and important of English annalists of the sixteenth century, should have had to wait more than three hundred years for the appearance of a worthy edition of his most famous work. Two hundred years ago Thomas Hearne recommended that Stow's "Survey" be reprinted as a "venerable original," but John Strype, instead of acting on that wise advice, attempted to improve upon it, and in so doing interfered with the original text of Stow in such a way as to make his edition (1720) almost valueless from the point of view of the historian and antiquary of to-day. The editions of Thoms (1842 and 1876) and of Henry Morley (1889 and 1893) leave much to be desired for the purposes of critical scholarship, but Mr. Kingsford has certainly made up for the deficiencies of the past. Within the limits which he has set himself, he has produced an edition of the "Survey" which will remain definitive for many years to come. Those limits are accurately described in his preface, where he states it to be his object to follow the advice which Strype neglected, and reprint the "Survey" as a "venerable original." The aim of his annotations has been "to correct any errors of statement or fact which might be found; to trace as far as possible the sources of Stow's information; to supplement the text with fresh matter from Stow's own collections; to illustrate it, within a reasonable compass, by quotations from contemporary writers." But he has refrained from any attempt to complete Stow's history, or to carry it beyond his own time.

Mr. Kingsford's book begins with an introduction containing an admirable account of the life of Stow and a description of the materials and composition of the "Survey." Then follows a valuable appendix, containing a number of documents bearing on Stow's career, a bibliography, and an account of Stow's

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notes and manuscripts. The personality of the old antiquary, with his learning, his conservatism, his literary quarrels, and his constant fear of persecution through suspicion of Popish inclinations and suspicious practices, stands vividly forth. No better insight could be desired into the humors and asperities of the intimate life of a typical middle-class Elizabethan household than that afforded by the story of Stow's quarrel with his brother Thomas, and of his mother's consequent alteration of her will. The remainder of the first volume and the first half of the second are occupied with the text of the "Survey" according to the edition of 1603, followed by a list of the variations between that and its predecessor, the edition of 1598. One hundred and fifty pages of notes, a glossary, and a luxurious triple index of persons, places, and subjects—would that Continental scholars might take the hint!—complete the work.

And, finally, we cannot forbear to pay tribute to the splendid liberality of the University of Oxford and of the Clarendon Press in putting forth, year after year, accurate and expensive editions of works of this sort in the interests of scholarship pure and simple, without the hope of pecuniary gain, and often in the face of certain loss. Without their aid, and that of a few other institutions, which, if not equally rich, are fortunately animated by the same ideals, the cause of scholarship in England and in this country would be in a sorry plight. If English and American learning are beginning to take the place they deserve, abreast of that of Germany and France, the credit must be shared by the scholars themselves with the institutions through whose munificence a large proportion of their works have seen the light.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Explorer. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The reputation which Mr. Maugham has so rapidly made as a fashionable playwright will hardly be enhanced by these novels. They show cleverness, but less of a dramatic than of a journalistic sort, quickness to seize the theme of the moment, and facility in turning it to account. Thus "The Explorer" derives from the latest "little war" in Somaliland, and "The Magician" from the curious wave of occultism which has so lately overrun "smart" English society. Its theme, indeed, suggests rather strongly that of E. F. Benson's "Image in the Sand," and the comparison is not to Mr. Maugham's advantage. What Mr. Benson treated, if not very powerfully or convincingly, yet with picturesqueness, humanity, and decent restraint, what in Poe's hands would have become beautiful in form, however horrible in suggestion, and, brooded on by Hawthorne's imagination, would have taken elusive, haunting shape as a spiritual drama of profoundest significance—this theme Mr. Maugham handles so realistically, so materially, so hideously, as to excite only loathing and disgust. By choice of details and epithets to arouse a horror that is akin to nausea is not a sign of power; in Mr. Maugham's case it merely proves that, in spite of much "tall talk" about famous pictures and quotation from Pater, the writer is wofully lacking in artistic taste.

Fortunately, "The Explorer" is quite innocuous and even comparatively pleasant. The hero, apart from his African exploits, is a sort of Rochester *minus* the vices; inviting the heroine, then a mere acquaintance, to take a stroll with him, he marches her across country at the top of her speed for two hours without saying one word. This attention Lucy receives with pleasure as a true compliment; it is needless to add that she is an English girl. There is an American in the book, however—a sprightly and mildly witty widow, who carries on a series of "Dolly Dialogues" with an amiable and jocose London bachelor until she finally marries him. Thus the lightest of parlor comedy is neatly sandwiched in between blocks of good old melodrama, the agony being piled up by the time-honored device of binding the hero by a solemn promise never to explain the circumstances that make him appear a scoundrel. Not that Alec Mackenzie has any scruples about breaking a promise as such; Mr. Maugham is much too advanced to allow a hero of his to be so old-fashioned. There is something peculiarly irritating, for a small matter, in the pains which he takes to explain that Alec's devotion to truth was purely a matter of taste, and his insistence on decency among his subordinates, in Africa, a mere prudential measure. "I have nothing to do with morality—every one is free in these things to do as he chooses—but I do know that nothing causes more trouble with the natives."

Miss Betty of New York. By Ellen Douglas Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

A story for the young which is really young throughout is the rarest thing in the world of juvenile fiction. "Miss Betty of New York" is in many ways on the right level for boy and girl readers. One may not murmur at its pranks, circuses, runaways, and abductions, since they are part of the accepted material of youthful literature, however one may wish that other modes prevailed. One wearies, possibly, of the angelic boy of story who softens the heart of the unjust grandfather; and of the lawless girl who is continually defended in her lawlessness by her admiring friend, the author. What is more than wearisome is the boy and girl nonsense that creeps in, how sparingly soever. Consider the pity of such stuff as this between two twelve-year-old children:

"Do you really like me better than Rachel Amy?" asked Betty. . . .

"Why, how funny you are, Betty! I should think you'd know I like Rachel Amy ever and ever so much, but you're a sort of relation. Of course, we think you're the nicest girl we know." . . .

"If it's just because I'm a relation——" she began.

"Oh, you silly!" exclaimed Christopher. "It isn't. It is because you're just Betty. I couldn't possibly like any girl as much as I do you, because—why, because you're Betty Hamilton, and there couldn't possibly be another girl like you."

"All right," said Betty, satisfied at last; "then I'll always be very careful of the locket and never lose it and treasure it forever."

Quite superfluous embellishment this on a story generally wholesome, barring unreproved heedlessness and eavesdropping and a certain absence of spanking.

Rachel Lorian. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Duffield & Co.

This novel is written throughout in the rhythm of Alfred Jingle, Esquire, of Pickwickian fame. You are jolted, as you read, as if you were riding a runaway horse; and when you have finished, you draw a deep breath and seek relief in a book of German prose. This sentence is a not unfair example: "He might marry—any woman—who was clever enough to catch him—in the years that were left." A mere matter of punctuation, but done evidently with the idea that a plentiful sprinkling of dashes gives an air of spontaneity, of unchecked emotion. The impression actually produced is, on the contrary, one of painful affectation. There are other irritating tricks of style that distract attention from the story.

Nor is the plot remarkable. A railway accident on the honeymoon leaves the heroine with a crippled husband on her hands; she takes care of him for some years with a rather bad grace, and then falls in love with his "poetic" friend. When the husband dies, and she is free to marry her lover, she refrains because she discovers that another woman is "as good as his wife." In this she is said to "play the prig"; but she retrieves herself by realizing, too late, that her lover's misdeeds were "common little tangles, no more!" and that the tangles did not matter, since his soul was always hers. This dualistic philosophy may be poetic (a favorite adjective with the author); but what a perplexing world it would be if things

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were run on such lines! It is to be hoped that the cleverness of the book—and it is decidedly clever—will not avail to make either its style or its ideas contagious.

The Red Mouse. By William Hamilton Osborne: New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The pretty American "society girl" in a gilt frame on the cover of this book is a fit symbol of the conventionality within. The conventionality of the characters alone would not much matter, since the story has a good deal of life; but the conventionality of the point of view is tiresome. It is hard enough to believe that a woman still loves her brutal husband when she knows that he is drinking the very dregs of dissipation—especially when the only reason suggested is that "he was still good-looking, and there was an air about him that few men had." To be asked to admire her for such constancy of heart is quite too much. Still more irritating, however, is the assumption that a woman's code of honor is of necessity different from that of a man. It is implied, not merely that women are, in fact, less honest than men, but that they are not even to be judged by the same standards. Not only does the heroine urge her lover, a strenuous reform politician, to buy political "greatness" by fair means or foul, but the hero is not at all repelled by her attitude. He argues the case out with her, it is true; but her utter failure to grasp his ideas does not dampen his affection in the least.

The Poems of Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

From his six books of verse, ranging in date from 1892 to 1905, Mr. Benson has selected enough for a single comfortable volume. He himself, we presume, would not disdain the title of minor poet, if that phrase were spoken with a friendly smile. His work is minor in the better sense that it is unpretentious, and that it is replete with conscious reminiscences. Indeed, it might almost be sufficiently characterized by calling it a mixture of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. This derivative quality is at times annoying, especially in the lyrical poems of nature, of which there are somewhat too many in the volume. Here and there, no doubt, a line or a passage of natural description justifies itself by its first-hand vividness, as when he speaks of

> . . . thridding the trackless hill,
> O'er tumbled cataracts of shapeless stones—

but for the most part he does not in this genre rise much above the level of magazine respectability. It is different in the poems of reflection. Here such echoes are an integral part of the poet's mood and an essential factor of his art.

This musing habit of one to whom all things have already been thought and felt and expressed, who sits within a magic circle of memories, too weak or too indifferent or too wise to break through the ring into the world of cruder or more immediate emotion—it might seem that such a mood would appeal to few readers; yet we have the undeniable fact that Mr. Benson's prose is widely bought and read. There will be fewer purchasers for his verse, of course; but for those who know, it will have the finer and more enduring flavor. If truth must be told, his prose has grown a little stale from repetition, and its aimlessness has become more pronounced from diffusion. On the contrary, the verse is of little bulk, and, if it also lacks any definite outcome, it has at least just that strong personal note which might have atoned in the prose for the lacking qualities of creative force. There is something astringent in the self-revelation of such a sonnet as "Imagination," with its disillusioned close:

> The rapture fades; the fitful flame flares out,
> Leaving me sad, and something less than man,
> Pent in the circle of a rugged isle,
> A later Prospero, without his smile,
> Without his large philosophy, without
> Miranda, and alone with Caliban.

That note was needed in such a book as "Beside the Still Waters" to bring out the ennui which is the sure result of stagnant revery. And in like manner the shadowy kind of peace there sought—not *la pace* that Dante asked for in the cloister, but its dream likeness—is nowhere in his prose so well intimated as in such a sonnet as this:

> Spire, that from half-a-hundred dainty lawns,
> O'er battlemented wall and privet-fence,
> Dost brood and muse with mild indifference,
> Through golden eves and ragged gusty dawns:—
>
> O cloistered court, O immemorial towers,
> O archways, filled from mouldering edge to edge
> With sober sunshine, O bird-haunted ledge,
> Say, have ye seen her? Shall she soon be ours?
>
> She, whom we seek, most dear when most denied,
> Seen but by sidelong glances, past us slips,
> Waves from a window, beckons from a door,
> Calls from a thicket by the minster-side,
> Presses a flying finger to her lips,
> Smiles her sad smile, and passes on before.

In those fourteen lines is the essence of all his books, the undefined emotion that comes from the reading of his prose, here defined by the reality of a personal experience. In the longer poems, "Thomas Gray" and "In the Iron Cage," the same confession becomes dramatic and just misses greatness.

My Story. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

It is a curious commentary on the literary life that the one chapter of Hall Caine's memoirs to rouse wide discussion in England was the account of his income at the beginning of his career. One would never guess, from this discussion of pounds and pence, that the heart of the book was an intimate story of Rossetti's life in that muffled house at No. 16 Cheyne Walk and of his two incursions into the country for health. These memoirs, in fact, are merely the outcome, as Mr. Caine states in his introduction, of a desire to enlarge the little volume of recollections of Rossetti published immediately after the poet's death. Mr. Caine was a young clerk in Liverpool when he first attracted Rossetti's attention by a printed lecture in support of the morals of Rossetti's verse—just then a tender point with the author. A brisk correspondence ensued, chiefly on literary topics, half of which we shall no doubt have in print some day. For Rossetti's letters are preserved and make a bulk of writing greater than all his published works. Then the younger man went to live with the elder and was at his side through all the trying months until Rossetti's death.

There is little that is new in the picture of Rossetti as we now get it. He was ailing in body, suffering from his chloral habit, convinced of a general conspiracy against him, a melancholy recluse, yet still showing on occasions those flashes of intellectual power that so imposed on all his contemporaries. Nothing is more remarkable to one who reads largely in the letters and memoirs of the middle Victorian period now appearing so rapidly, than the dominance of Rossetti over all who came in contact with him, and the extent of his influence. It is as another testimony to this force that Mr. Caine's work will owe its chief interest. On some points he is a valuable witness. He denies the rumor that the melancholy death of the poet's wife was the result of bitterness over Rossetti's wild courses, but he says nothing to dispel the belief that this fragile creature simply withered away in the atmosphere of overloaded thought and emotion for which she was totally unfit. It was this, we believe, rather than neglect or knowledge of Rossetti's vain love for another woman, that killed her. When Mr. Caine raises Rossetti "into the place of one of the great tragic figures of literature, one of the great lovers whose lives, as well as their works, speak to the depth of

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their love or the immensity of their remorse"—we are inclined to think the writer is putting some of his novelist's art to use, and our opinion is confirmed by such overstrung words as these:

> Thus, too, the solitude of his [Rossetti's] last years, with its sleepless nights and its delusions born of indulgence in the drug, was not the result of morbid brooding over the insults of adverse critics, but of a deep-seated, if wholly unnecessary, sense as of a curse resting on him and on his work, whereof the malignity of criticism was only one of many manifestations.

The course of Rossetti's life was too nearly that of the typical ultra-romantic to need explanation by such an hypothesis of lasting love and remorse. One error of statement needs correction. Rossetti did not become acquainted with Burne-Jones and William Morris when he went to Oxford to paint the walls of the Union. He had been living in the closest intimacy with them in London before they undertook together that wild knight-errantry of art.

For the rest, Mr. Caine gives some fairly entertaining chapters on Ruskin, Wilkie Collins, Robert Buchanan, and others, and an altogether undue number of letters from these great men in praise of his own works of fiction. Perhaps the most striking minor portrait is that of Henry Irving playing a rôle in life as on the stage.

Testimonium Animæ: or Greek and Roman before Jesus Christ; a Series of Essays and Sketches Dealing with the Spiritual Elements in Classical Civilization. By E. C. Sihler. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co., $2.25 net.

This is an unpleasant book. After devoting some thirty-six years to reading the authors of classical antiquity and to following the influence of the classical spirit in modern times, Professor Sihler is seized with a profound melancholy. Himself convinced of the pre-eminence of the Christian ideal, he notes that academicians exalt ancient literature as something precious and transcendent, and never call it pagan. He intends, therefore, to give the true story of the Greeks and Romans, "to present, *very largely in the exact words of their most eminent writers, in versions made for this work*, their views or aspirations concerning the soul, life, and death, God and the world—in short, whatever we may designate as the spiritual elements in classic civilization."

We can only commend the plan of giving the exact words of the ancients, save that the versions are at times too crudely literal; it is the interpretation of the evidence that arouses dissent. Professor Sihler finds idolatry and sensuality at the heart of Greek culture, while that of Rome, in which literature appears as an exotic, is strongly seasoned with force and fraud. The author has read the ancients with care; his judgments, delivered in a vigorous, eccentric, and not always impeccable English, are his own. Some of his animadversions are welcome, particularly the remarks on that curious Teutonic product, the pseudo-Hellenism of the age of Goethe. Nor does he always condemn: Euripides, Cicero, Seneca, are treated with sympathy. But the author's general estimate of the Greeks, Æschylus above all, is little short of defamatory. Granting, to use his simile, that the flower of Hellenic culture grows from a filthy swamp, we may gather the flower thankfully, and not, as he does, stir up the swamp. The Romans, on the whole, come off with greater praise, and yet scant justice is done them. If, for instance, Horace, whom Professor Sihler is pleased to call an Epicurean, can share a chapter with Lucretius, Virgil surely contributed enough of the "spiritual element" to deserve more than a few scattering and rather discouraging remarks.

Testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ. Tertullian, despite his fiery arraignments of the pagan past, felt that it was sound at the core. If his attitude toward ancient culture is rightly called obscurantist, that of the present book is more vindictive still. The author, though he sets forth some of the manifestations of classicism in modern times, fails to suggest to us that a genuine Christian humanism has ever appeared in history. From St. Paul, Prudentius, Boethius, from Dante, to whom he devotes a few perfunctory words, he might have learned what it is ardently to embrace the faith and yet not less ardently, though with discerning eyes, to gather the best of the past. This is possibly what he thinks he has done. But the effect is unpleasant. The book is not a brief for Christian humanism; it is rather a kind of Montanist's History of Antiquity *adversus politos*. Despite its array of first-hand material, it does not truly inform.

Lord Haliburton: A Memoir of His Public Service. By J. B. Atlay. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

To Americans, this short memoir of the successful career of a British colonist, born and bred in Nova Scotia, cannot but be interesting; for Arthur Lawrence Haliburton was personally well known to many American visitors to the old country, to whom he extended a hospitable welcome in Lowndes Square. Moreover, the Haliburtons had been settled in New England before they transplanted themselves to Nova Scotia; while Haliburton's father, familiarly known as "Sam Slick," was, according to Artemas Ward, the founder of the school of American humor. There had been other colonials, before Haliburton, who had risen to high office, and some also to the peerage; but these were for the most part lawyers who stuck to the law. Such, for example, was John Singleton Copley, a New Englander, born at Boston before the American Revolution, who rose to be Lord High Chancellor of England, and peer of the realm, as Baron Lyndhurst. But it was as an exceptionally capable administrator in one of the great departments of state, the War Office, that Haliburton made his solid ability felt; his services, as he rose step by step, being marked by companionship, knighthood, and the Grand Cross, in the Order of the Bath.

Originally intended for the law, Haliburton was called to the bar of Nova Scotia; but, at the time of the Crimean war, his early inclination for soldiering led him to seize the opportunity of entering the commissariat, where he acquired experience that proved most useful when he joined the staff of the War Office itself. Even hostile critics admit that he greatly improved the services of supply and transport. Here his aptitude for business, his previous legal training, his clear brain, his untiring industry, and fearless character, joined to a bright and winning manner, caused him to be recognized as a "strong man"—as the life-like portrait in front of the memoir would suggest. Later, Haliburton went to India, and did his work so well that there was an endeavor to keep him by offering him a permanent appointment with a high salary; but he preferred to resume his post at the War Office. Of his subsequent career, ending in his appointment to the highest permanent office in the department, that of Under-Secretary, an interesting account will be found in this book.

The author, J. B. Atlay, whose "Victorian Chancellors" is well known, has done his work exceedingly well. At the request of Lady Haliburton, he has confined himself to a bare statement of her husband's official services.

Science.

In science the spring list of Longmans, Green & Co. includes: "The Human Species," by Dr. Ludwig Hope; "Tables and Diagrams of the Thermal Properties of Saturated and Superheated Steam," by Lionel T. Marks and Dr. H. N. Davis; "The General Character of the Proteins," by Dr. S. B. Schryver; "An Introduction to the Science of Radio-Activity," by C. N. Raffety; "Spinning Tops and Gyroscope Motion," by Harold Crabtree; and "A Text-Book of Experimental Psychology," by Dr. C. S. Myers.

Anti-vaccinationists contend that the decrease in smallpox has been brought about by better sanitation and the proper isolation of persons afflicted with the disease.

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That these are factors, no one professes to deny, but that the general immunity from the disease which now exists could be effected without vaccination, competent authorities agree to be absurd. It is interesting to note the effect of vaccination on some of the tribes in the Philippines, where, until recently, smallpox has been an unchecked scourge, among a people with whom sanitary methods and the isolation of diseased persons are practically impossible as yet. A recent paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on tropical diseases in the Philippines concludes as follows:

> In provinces where there were formerly 6,000 cases of the disease, annually, not one death has been reported from this disease in the past year. No case of loss of life on account of vaccination has occurred, nor have any limbs been sacrificed, nor has there been a case of very severe infection resulting from vaccination reported. The disease has been thoroughly kept under control by vaccination alone.

Seldom do conditions arise for such a demonstration of the efficacy of a method of healing or prevention as this quotation presents. None of the factors which the opponents of vaccination assert to be active agents has been in operation in this case, yet the mortality has been reduced from an appalling figure to zero.

In connection with the proposal for stations to observe earth movements it is interesting to note that the Manila Observatory, established by the Jesuits in 1865 primarily for meteorological work, has been conducting seismological observations for some thirty years. Just now a meteorological and geodynamic observatory is being installed at Baguio, the summer capital, 5,000 feet above sea-level. During the year ending June 30, 1908, 227 microseismic movements and 123 perceptible earthquakes were reported from different regions in the Philippine archipelago, but only one earthquake of any violence occurred, and that caused slight damage.

Henry G. Bryant, well known for his own Arctic and other geographical explorations, read an interesting paper, "Notes on an Early American Arctic Expedition," at the International Geographical Congress in Geneva last August. It was published in the January issue of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* of London, and is reprinted in pamphlet. The story is of value as showing the enterprise and liberality of the merchants of Philadelphia and other seaports in colonial days. As early as 1742 its public-spirited citizens raised funds to send John Bartram, whom Linnæus described as "the greatest natural botanist in the world," on an extensive collecting trip to Oswego and Lake Ontario. His fame is largely due to this opportunity. In 1753 the earliest American expedition to make a scientific exploration of the Arctic regions and to discover the Northwest Passage, was planned and sent out from Philadelphia, with help from subscribers from Maryland, New York, and Boston. Now that in our own day the Northwest Passage has really been achieved, it is of interest to see with what courage it was attempted then. The schooner Argo, sixty tons burden, with fifteen aboard, Charles Swaine, master, sailed from Philadelphia on March 4, 1753, to discover the Northwest Passage, supposed to lead from Hudson Bay to the Pacific. Her return to Boston on October 21 was followed by a report in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of November 17 of the failure to find the Northwest Passage, but the discovery of a fine fishing bank, and the charting of part of the Labrador coast. The return of a second expedition reported even less satisfactory results, for three of the crew, who had gone on land to look for a mine, were killed by the Eskimos. E. S. Balch also gave an account of this early expedition in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, July, 1908.

The large atlas, intended to illustrate the development theory, and prepared by Dr. Konrad Guenther of the University of Freiburg-im-B., entitled "Vom Urtier zum Menschen," has just been completed by the appearance of its seventieth *Lieferung* (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). The illustrations are profuse and very good.

The University of Heidelberg has received from an unknown giver the sum of 130,000 marks, to be used for the establishment of a Radiological Institute, which is to be opened by Easter. It will be in charge of the Nobel prize winner of 1905, Prof. Philipp Lenard, the physicist.

Dr. Martin H. Boyè, a chemist, died at Coopersburg, Pa., March 5, at the age of ninety-seven. He was born in Denmark, and was graduated from the University of Copenhagen, the Polytechnic School of Copenhagen, and (in 1844) from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. But before finishing his course at the University of Pennsylvania he had assisted Dr. Robert Hare in chemical investigations and had been assistant geologist and chemist of the first geological survey of Pennsylvania. He conducted a laboratory for analysis and instruction in analytical and practical chemistry, 1842-45, and 1845-59 he was teacher of chemistry and natural philosophy at the Central High School, Philadelphia. In connection with the late Prof. Henry D. Rogers in 1839 Dr. Boyè discovered a new compound of platinum chloride with binoxyde of nitrogen. Dr. Boyè was also joint discoverer of the high explosive, perchloric ether. In 1845 he invented a process of refining oil from cotton seed. Before that the product was almost black and very thick. Dr. Boyè's process produced a bland and colorless oil adapted for cooking and for salad dressing. He was a member of many scientific societies and was author of "Pneumatics, or the Physics of Gases" (1856), "Chemistry, or the Physics of Atoms" (1857), and various articles and memoirs in scientific publications.

The death is reported of Dr. James Hamilton, emeritus professor of pathology in Aberdeen University, whither he was called from Edinburgh in 1882. He wrote a "Textbook of Pathology," "The Topography of the Brain in Relation to Disease," and "Pathology of Bronchitis."

From Paris comes the report of the death, in his sixty-second year, of Victor-Émile Egger, professor of philosophy and psychology in the University of Paris, son of the eminent Greek scholar Prof. Émile Egger (1815-85). Besides "La Parole intérieure," which in 1881 roused much discussion, he wrote many articles for the technical journals.

Drama.

A popular edition of Marlowe, edited by C. F. Tucker Booth and Prof. Walter Raleigh, is announced by the Oxford University Press, also a similar edition of Ben Jonson, edited by Percy Simpson. A more elaborate edition of Jonson has for some time been in preparation by Prof. C. H. Herford and Mr. Simpson.

If the plain truth must be told, there was not much to delight the lover of Shakespeare in the revival of "King John," offered by the grace of Robert Mantell and William A. Brady in the New Amsterdam Theatre on Monday evening. To the one credit must be given for a laborious, more or less consistent, but absolutely uninspired and often inefficient impersonation, and to the other for liberal if often misguided management; but the net result of their labors, so far as any resuscitation of the poetic drama is concerned, was something of a fiasco. For the general public there is provided a stage pageant of more than common splendor, with some lively living pictures, much animated posturing, and a vast amount of vigorous if not particularly enlightened declamation, and these features may keep the representation alive for a season, but the artistic gain is slight. The revival, however, may prove serviceable as a costly demonstration of the practical hopelessness of interpreting Shakespeare satisfactorily—or the romantic and poetic drama, generally, for that matter—until some sort of training school has been established, where actors shall be able to learn something about the proper delivery of verse and appropriate romantic action. "King John" is an admirable acting play, rich in vital personages, and abounding in dramatic incident, and yet it missed half of its legitimate effect through the sheer inability of most of the performers, including many of the principals, to comprehend the characters or speak the lines. Mr. Mantell, by exaggerating the pusillanimous and treacherous side of John, and neglecting his intellectual and princely qualities, robbed him of both force and interest. Although his outbreak of remorseful fear, at the supposed murder of Arthur, was theatrically effective, it had too large a measure of melodramatic extravagance to be really impressive. Mr. Mantell realized only part of this subtle and complex character. Of other leading personages, the interpretation was, to say the least, inadequate. The Philip Faulconbridge was merely boisterous and vulgar; the Hubert —with all its possibilities—hopelessly conventional; the Constance, sentimentally feeble, without royalty or tragic fire; the Pandulph, a comic ranter. The Queen Elinor and a few of the subordinate personages were more satisfactory, but the general result was sadly disappointing. Perhaps the most noticeable feature was the slovenly and unintelligent manner in which all the players, save two or three, spoke their lines, with no apparent understanding of either metre or emphasis. In many instances modern pronunciations were given with excruciating results. It is a pity that Mr. Brady, whose generosity in the matter of stage decoration is worthy of cordial recognition, did not think it worth

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while to engage somebody to look after the more purely literary and artistic side of the production.

In the "Münchener Beiträge zur romanischen und englischen Philologie," edited by H. Breymann and I. Schick (Leipzig: Georg Böhme), two new volumes have appeared. Vol. XLII is a treatise by Dr. Albert Franz on Heywood's "Life and Death of Hector"; Vol. XLIII by Dr. Ludwig Grashey contains an account of Giacinto Andrea Cicognini's life and work, with special reference to his drama, "La Marienne ovvero il maggior mostro del mondo."

Charles Hawtrey will be seen at the London Royalty Theatre, March 20, in a new comedy by the industrious W. Somerset Maugham, "The Noble Spaniard." This is a free adaptation from the French of Grenet Dancourt. The scene is laid in Boulogne fifty years ago.

Lucien Guitry, according to the dispatches from Paris, is to play the principal rôle in Rostand's "Chantecler," which will be produced at the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, with the opening of the autumn season. M. Guitry, a former associate of Sarah Bernhardt, is one of the most notable French actors of the day.

Céleste Vénard, famous as an actress during the Second Empire, under the name of "La Mogador," has died in Paris at the age of eighty-five. After her marriage in 1853 to the Comte de Chabrillan she took up authorship and wrote a number of novels. Her memoirs, in five volumes, were ready for publication in 1854, but were suppressed at the time, and did not come out until 1876.

Music.

Garcia the Centenarian and His Times. By M. Sterling Mackinlay. New York: Appleton & Co. $4 net.

It is a singular fact that the greatest teacher of the Italian *bel canto* that ever lived was a Spaniard; but this is only one of many remarkable things about Manuel Garcia. He was the father of two women, Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot, who rank among the greatest singers of all time; he taught these and Jenny Lind, Antoinette Sterling, Charles Santley, Johanna Wagner, and others who became famous themselves or as teachers of Calvé, Eames, Melba, Henschel, Van Rooy, and Scheidemantel; he invented the laryngoscope, which not only put the study of the voice on a scientific basis, but proved such a boon to medical men that when his hundredth birthday was celebrated, sixteen societies of laryngologists from all parts of the world sent representatives to honor him; and he was one of the very few distinguished men who reached such an advanced age in full possession of their mental faculties and with enough physical vigor to go about and make speeches. Garcia was born in 1805, when Wagner and Verdi were schoolboys, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Schumann not yet in existence; and on March 17, 1906, he celebrated the entrance into his one hundred and second year by taking up a guitar and singing a Spanish song.

Such a man's life was surely worth writing, and this task has now been accomplished by M. Sterling Mackinlay, a son of the famous English contralto, Antoinette Sterling. Both mother and son were pupils of Garcia, but this was nothing surprising in the case of a teacher who repeatedly was able to tell pupils of the time when he taught one of their grandparents. When Miss Sterling first went to him for lessons he was so carried away with the beauty of her voice that he neglected his rule of keeping new pupils to exercises, being eager to hear her sing Italian arias; but when she came to a difficult phrase she burst out crying: "You ought not to give me these songs until I have mastered the exercise properly." He agreed with her, and assigned her the exercises. Mr. Mackinlay was the last of his pupils who received the full four years' course, and his jottings regarding these lessons constitute the most valuable pages in his book. While the lessons sometimes lasted two hours, Garcia allowed plenty of intervals of rest, during which he told anecdotes about the great singers he had taught or known. A flood of light was let in by his clear explanation of the different parts of the "instrument": the lungs for tone emission, the glottis for pitch, the oral cavity for timbre and vowel tone, the front of the mouth for consonants. He tried to awaken the pupil's intelligence, to enable him to criticise his own singing. The chief cause of the lamentable number of failures he diagnosed in these words:

> If you find a difficulty, do not shirk it. Make up your mind to master it. So many singers give up what they find hard. They think they are better off by leaving it and turning their attention to other things which come more easily. Do not be like them.

If a pupil repeated a mistake he had once corrected he would say: "Jenny Lind would have cut her throat sooner than have given me reason to say, 'We corrected that mistake last time.'" A whole chapter is devoted to the lessons of Jenny Lind, who, when she first came to him, had so damaged her voice by injudicious training and over-exertion that he said to her: "It would be useless to teach you, mademoiselle; you have no voice left." All his pupils loved him for his patience and his courtesy. Amusing anecdotes are told in this book as to how he managed to get rid of undesirable pupils without hurting their feelings. However profitable such pupils might be, he had no use for them, as he wanted to keep his reputation as a teacher who could point to results.

Valuable pages are contributed to this volume by Hermann Klein, who studied with Garcia some years and subsequently helped him prepare his excellent "Hints on Singing," which was published in 1895. In his earlier work, the "Method of Teaching Singing," Garcia did much to clear up the confusion between "timbre" and "registers." Apart from the success won by many pupils who followed his method, probably the greatest compliment ever bestowed on Garcia was the request made by Wagner that he should undertake the training of the singers who were to take part in the first Bayreuth festival.

Heretofore there has been no uniform complete edition of Wagner's operas, because he had sold them to three publishers. These publishers, Breitkopf & Härtel, Adolph Fürstner, and B. Schott's Söhne, have now got together for the purpose of issuing an edition of the eleven operas from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." Each is to be sold for six marks ($1.50), but only to subscribers to the whole series. The issue begins in May, and before the end of 1911 all the scores will be in the hands of subscribers.

The musical periodical founded by Schumann, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, is no more. A year or two ago it was consolidated with another moribund, though once influential, periodical, the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*. A few weeks ago the last joint number was printed. The demise was no doubt hastened by the growing popularity of *Die Musik* and *Signale für die Musikwelt* of Berlin.

A feature of the spring opera season at Covent Garden is to be the first production in England of Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." This opera had its first hearing at Naples in 1906, when an eruption of Vesuvius put a sudden end to its career on the second night of its run. It was subsequently staged in Milan. A previous opera by the same composer, "Ines Mendo," was produced at Covent Garden in the jubilee year.

Art.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN ASSUR AND BABYLON.

For a number of years the German Orient Society has uninterruptedly carried on systematic excavations in two of the most important centres of the ancient Babylonian-Assyrian civilization; in the south in the city of Babylon, which in the days of Hammurabi (about 2000 B. C.) became the capital of Babylonia; and in the north in the city of Assur, the starting point of the political growth of Assyria, now traced back to a period beyond 2000 B. C. Moreover, Assur, even after it yielded its prerogatives to Caleh, and later to Nineveh, still retained considerable of its former prestige. The chief feature of these excavations, conducted in the south by

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Prof. Robert Koldewey, and in the north by Walter Andreae, is the systematic manner in which the work has been carried on, without sensationalism or blare of trumpets. One section after the other of the extensive mounds at both places has been attacked and thoroughly explored. Indifferent to merely showy results, the explorers have endeavored to obtain as complete a view as possible of the contour of these two capitals in the various periods, and to make an equally complete study of the different kinds of structures unearthed. A great deal of time was devoted to the mere tracing of walls and to other labors that previous explorers, more concerned to announce striking results, would have regarded as wasted efforts. Reports of progress have been sent at frequent intervals to the home office of the society in Berlin, and there published in the form of *Mitteilungen*. The society has had liberal support from a large membership, and in particular from the German Emperor, who has given several thousand dollars annually, and a Berlin banker, James Simon, whose generosity in aiding archæological expeditions has not been limited to the undertakings in Babylon and Assur. The leading spirit of the German Orient Society is Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, to whom the interest of the German Emperor is largely due. Professor Delitzsch's lectures on various phases of Babylonian-Assyrian culture, delivered before the German Emperor and repeated in all parts of Germany, have brought the results of Assyriological research to the notice of the general public.

In Babylon, where digging was begun in 1899, one of the chief results was the discovery of the sacred procession street —the *via sacra*—along which the statues of the gods were carried on festivals. It led through the city to the great temple of Marduk, and appears to have been made more particularly for the annual visit which on New Year's day—celebrated at the time of the vernal equinox—the god Nebo, whose seat lay at Borsippa, opposite Babylon, paid to the patron deity of Babylon as a kind of homage to the head of the pantheon. This street, which was raised above the level of the houses, was lined with glazed tiles, on which lions were depicted, accompanying the god on his way. Next to the procession street, the elaborate gateway, likewise leading to the temple and known as the gate of Ishtar, was unearthed and so thoroughly explored that its construction is now known to us in its smallest details. The walls here were likewise covered with glazed bricks, on which dragons and bulls were depicted, which probably represent the designs referred to in one of the visions of Ezekiel. Large portions likewise of the temple area of Babylon were carefully explored, as well as sections of the royal palaces, though the almost hopeless state of the ruins afforded less opportunity here for definite results. Besides the great temple of Marduk, known as Esagila, "the lofty house," sacred structures dedicated to other deities, notably a temple to the solar deity Ninib (one of the most important gods of the pantheon), and a temple to Nin-Makh, "the great lady" (a designation of the chief goddess Ishtar), were also unearthed and their general character determined. These temples lay within the sacred area around Marduk's sanctuary, and from the inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar we know that, grouped about the chief sanctuary, were special edifices, chapels as it were, to a large number of gods and goddesses. In other words, Babylon, like other centres in the Euphrates Valley, had an entire sacred quarter, and it is this quarter that Professor Koldewey has to a large extent explored. The general character of Babylonian temples has now, thanks to the work of the German Orient Society, been clearly determined. Through a central gate one entered a large court open to the air, around which were numerous smaller rooms for the use of the priests, for storage, and for the temple school. This court led to a smaller enclosure, from which one proceeded to the sacred *cella*, containing the statue of the god or goddess to whom the temple was dedicated. The general resemblance of such a structure to Solomon's Temple leaves no doubt that—whether through direct or indirect copying—the latter was modelled after Babylonian examples.

It was somewhat of a disappointment that most of the earlier diggings threw light on only the latest period of Babylonian history, on the time of the Neo-Babylonian dynasty. This was founded in 625 B. C. by Nebopolassar, the father of the famous Nebuchadnezzar, and it lasted only until 539 B. C., when Babylon was taken by Cyrus. The lack of earlier remains was supposed to be due to the sad havoc made by King Sennacherib of Assyria, who, to punish the Babylonians for their frequent revolts against Assyria, destroyed the city in 689 B. C. In order to make destruction complete, he flooded the city. Happily, however, the latest *Mitteilungen* tell of the recovery of a considerable number of cuneiform tablets, chiefly business documents, dated in the reign of the first dynasty of Babylon, the sixth member of which was Hammurabi (about 2000 B. C.). These tablets were found in a stratum of the mounds that reached down to the water level, showing that the explorers had thus struck the beginnings of the settlement. In part, this oldest settlement was built on an eminence at some height above the water. The ancient wall of the city at the old water level has also been traced for a considerable distance; and among other interesting discoveries, mention should be made of the landing places for small boats, to which stairs led down from the wall itself.

To enumerate the many inscriptions and fragments of monuments found in the course of the excavations would carry us too far. Clay cylinders of various rulers, notably one of Nebopolassar, have furnished many new details; a boundary stone dating from the twelfth century contains some important symbols, while terra-cotta statuettes representing the goddess Ishtar, in various forms, among others with a child at her breast, are examples of the kind of votive offerings that the worshippers deposited in the temples. Of special interest is a stone tablet with reliefs depicting incantation scenes to secure release from the grasp of the demons; while, as a great surprise, a dolorite *stele* with a Hittite god sculptured on it, accompanied by a Hittite inscription, was unearthed during the first year of the excavations in the portion of the mound covering the remains of the royal palace and *burg*. It appears to have been carried to Babylon as a trophy of war.

At Assur, the results have been even more gratifying. The work here was not begun till the autumn of 1903, but it has been carried on uninterruptedly up to the present time. The temple of the god Ashur, which was known as the "House of the Great Mountain of Countries," has been found, the *zikkurat*, or stage-tower, which was one of the features of the city, has been explored, and, perhaps most important of all, the temple which was dedicated to two gods, Anu and Adad, and which appears to have been even more sacred than that to Ashur, has been most thoroughly excavated. A separate monograph on this temple, with a complete series of designs and illustrations by Andreae, is now in press. The homage to the two gods is marked by the remains of two stage-towers, one to Anu, "the god of heaven"; the other to Adad, "the god of storms." Possibly these two stage-towers formed the original portion of the sacred area, and subsequently the temple proper was built with the usual large court, surrounded by a series of rooms. Within the court was a sacred well, and beyond, on the northwest side of the court, was a long room, with the statues of the two gods. Of special interest is a portion of the forked lightning, made of gold, the ordinary symbol of Adad. It is a fair presumption that it belonged to the temple statue of the god and was held in one of his hands. The foundation of this temple can now be traced back to the eighteenth century B. C. Another striking result of the excavations was the discovery near the outer wall of the city of a "festival house" (*bît akîti*) in hon-

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or of Ashur, erected by Sennacherib. To this sacred edifice, the statue of the god Ashur was carried from his temple at the time of the new year's festival, celebrated, as in Babylon, in the spring. The new year commemorated the triumph over the monster Tiamat, symbolical of primeval chaos and the establishment of order in the universe. This deed was ascribed in Babylonia to Marduk, while in Assyria the distinction was claimed for the god Ashur, who, during the duration of the festival, took up his seat in the special "festival house," surrounded by the statues of the other great gods. An extensive garden in front of the structure and another in the large court are some of the features meriting special attention. The *cella*, or "holy of holies," was unusually large, evidently serving as the assembly place of the gods on the most sacred occasion of the year.

A feature of the excavations at Assur is the discovery of many private houses, with vaults in which the members of the family were buried. The dwellings of the living thus became also the abode of the dead. Much light has been shed, both upon the interior arrangement of these houses and on the methods of burial. Burial and cremation appear to have existed side by side, and in burial several methods were followed. The body, somewhat compressed, was either forced into a clay sarcophagus, or it was simply laid on the ground, or it was walled in within clay covers. From the large number of such private houses that were excavated, many of the details of the interior arrangement have now become clear. The floors were generally formed of pressed earth, while the courts were, as a rule, paved with pebbles, bits of stones, or bricks. Regular patterns, rosettes and squares, were formed by the combination of the pebbles and little stones. Much care was bestowed on the drainage, and even the simplest houses had at least a gutter to carry off water and refuse to the street canal. The threshholds were made of gypsum slabs, or of brick, and the supports and hinges for the doors were carefully worked out. The streets appear to have been narrow and irregularly laid out, and, at times, the entrance to the houses lay through an alley, running off from the main street. A feature of the houses was the large court adjoining the main room. The approach to the court was from a kind of corridor, leading directly to the main entrance. In this corridor, there was generally a mortar sunk into the ground, and used for crushing the grain. Traces of stairs going to the roof have also been found. The number of rooms naturally varies. An unusually large house that was unearthed had no less than twenty separate apartments, grouped around the central court, including one that served the purpose of a bath-room.

The number of inscriptions of all kinds found in the course of excavations at Ashur is very large, and many of them are of great historical importance. While only portions of these inscriptions have been published, the results have already enabled us to carry the history of Assyria back several centuries beyond 1800 B. C., which a few years ago represented the limit of our knowledge. The oldest Assyrian priestly chief now known to us is Ushpia, the founder of the main temple to the god Ashur. His date can be approximately fixed at 2100 B.C.

Besides the work done in Babylon and Ashur, the German Orient Society has also undertaken preliminary excavations at other points in the Euphrates Valley, and has carefully examined a variety of promising sites. Scarcely less important than the results in Babylonia and Assyria is the extension of the society's activities to Egypt and Palestine and to the Hittite settlement in Boghaz-Köi in Cappadocia (see the *Nation* of February 27, 1908, p. 189) and neighboring sites. In Egypt the site chosen was Abusir, where most important discoveries were made, chiefly in the temple of the dead in honor of King Sahure. In Palestine, the ruins of ancient synagogues in Galilee were thoroughly explored, and last spring the site of the ancient city of Jericho was vigorously attacked and important preliminary results attained (see the *Nation* of February 4, 1909, p. 125).

The rapid growth of the German Orient Society, now numbering more than one thousand members in all parts of the world, is in itself a recognition of the value of the work accomplished, as well as an index of the remarkable interest in archæological research which, during the last fifty years, has so widely extended our knowledge of the past and fairly revolutionized our views of the earliest civilizations.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

University of Pennsylvania.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* for February is devoted chiefly to the timely matter of Messina. Of pathetic interest is Lorenzo Fiocca's article on the Cathedral and its restoration, written before the earthquake. Except for the north portal, the decoration of the façade has since been destroyed. Of the interior decoration, the original parts and the restorations were overthrown together. It is possible that the massive blocks of the apses which your correspondent saw lying in the piazza, but still bearing their mosaics relatively intact, may be reassembled for exhibition in the museum. Dr. G. Frizzoni furnished a very complete and interesting list of noteworthy works of art at Messina. Osvald Sirén adds to the list of Lorenzo Monaco's works ten paintings previously unknown. One of these, a large fresco in the Archivio Notarile, Florence, is a substantial addition to our knowledge of this exquisite artist.

Not often has anything come to our table which has given more pleasure than a selection of six colored reproductions from the Medici Series, published by Chatto & Windus of London, and Foster Brothers of Boston. Five of these plates, averaging about 13 in. by 10, give the Head of the Virgin Mary by Luini (Milan: No. 293 Brera Palace), Head of Christ by Da Vinci, Virgin by Lippi (Florence: Uffizi), Fruitfulness by Rubens, and Portrait of an Unknown Lady by Francesca (Milan: Poldi-Pezzoli). The sixth gives Da Vinci's Last Supper in a plate measuring 16 by 31½. The process, a new method of photo-collotype without screen, reproduces the colors and surface quality of the originals with really extraordinary exactness, particularly in the case of the frescos, where one can almost feel the plaster. They are entirely free from the hard dead look of the old-fashioned color prints, and can be heartily recommended for framing. The price of the smaller plates is four and five dollars, that of The Last Supper, ten.

"Jacob Jordaens, his Life and Work," by Max Rooses (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is one of those lovingly elaborate studies in antiquarianism which we have come to expect of the Director of the Plantin Museum. The large folio is abundantly illustrated, and the text is well translated by Elisabeth C. Broers. Readers of Dr. Rooses's standard work on Rubens will be prepared to find the present volume quite as much a contribution to the history of culture as to that of art, narrowly speaking. In fact, there are no more interesting pages than those which describe the roistering, full-blown life of Flanders after the peace. Of this Gargantuan society Jordaens is the best pictorial chronicler. Old Brueghel and Jan Steen, both measurably his superiors, render it less faithfully because with greater artistic prepossession. We agree with Dr. Rooses that Jordaens, who has usually been treated merely as a somewhat rude echo of Rubens, should be studied for his own sake. He never had the reflective quality that goes to make a great composer, and he never achieved an exquisite technique, but in sheer gusto and fertility few are his equals. One rarely sees so great a painter with so little of the finesse that we regard as the mark of the artist. Yet how refreshing he is in his own range of expression! Of convivial drinking he is the very prophet. He alone could have illustrated Rabelais. No one has imagined finer satyrs. Indeed, his mythologies make the overrated inventions of Böcklin seem puerile. The mantle of Rubens weighed heavy upon him, yet he wore it creditably. The best of his big religious pieces represent the Barock of Flanders quite at its best. He was withal an excellent portraitist, and except as a decorator seldom failed utterly. No gift was denied him except that of taste and the patience therein implied. His pictures constitute a world—a world not quite shaped, to be sure, but authentic and as vital as it is turbulent. He has added to the relish of life, and perhaps that is after all the main business of art. Dr. Rooses traces this career with discrimination, admitting freely the lapses to which this sort of a temperament is subject. We would add only that the later drawings of religious subjects seem to betray the influence, in com-

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position merely, of that alien and far greater genius Rembrandt. It is a pity that this interesting and useful book is so badly made. The plates are strewn through the text almost at random, and since there are references neither in one case nor the other, the reader is in constant perplexity where to find an illustration, and often wastes time in looking up illustrations that have not been provided. But the book is such a compendium of information that students will be willing to supply with the pen the references that should have been given by the types.

To the series Stätte der Kultur: Eine Sammlung künstlerisch ausgestatteter Städte Monographien, edited by Dr. Georg Biermann (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann), six new numbers have recently been added. Dr. E. Kroker, in "Leipzig," treats his subject chiefly from the point of view of history; August Grisebach, "Dantzig," from the point of view of an artist and an architect; H. Kesser, in "Luzern, der Vierwaldstätter See und der St. Gotthard," depicts the grandeur of Alpine scenery; Franz Servaes writes his account of "Vienna" in the form of letters to a friend; O. Grauloff, in "Lübeck," tells the story of this old free city, but denounces the religious realism prevailing there in recent years; and J. A. Lux devotes the bulk of "Altholland" to the architecture and the historic art of the Netherlands, to which account the general editor adds an appendix on "Die Kunst von Altholland." The earlier volumes in this excellent series of monographs deal with Berlin, Rothenburg on the Tauber, Frankfort on the Main, and Bremen.

The Metropolitan Museum is exhibiting among its recent accessions a Permagene fragment which bears all the indications of being the work of a great sculptor. It is part of the trunk, the two thighs, and one foot of a Gaul, the jacket and tight-fitting trousers in no way concealing the vigorous muscles. Among other fragments are a tombstone of a woman in relief, exquisite in the simplicity of the folds in the drapery; a replica of the head and shoulders of the statue of which the famous Dresden Satyr is a copy; and the torso of a small statue, possibly of Zeus, with admirable modelling in the back. There are also three fine Roman portrait busts, among them one of Augustus in his later years, showing much of that personal beauty for which he was famed. A gold earring in the form of a Siren playing upon a lyre is in almost perfect condition, and is described as "a marvellous production of the Greek goldsmiths' art of the fifth century B. C." Beautiful, too, are a large Greek drinking bowl, two shallow cups with handles, a jug and a wine ladle, all in silver. Paintings by Frank M. Boggs, J. S. Brown, Miss Mary Cassatt, Winslow Homer, William Sartain, W. Elmer Schofield, F. Ballard Williams, and J. H. Twachtman have been obtained by purchase or gift. The Metropolitan has also bought three of the Sorolla pictures which have been shown here. They are the portrait of Señora de Sorolla in black, the one without the mantilla; the Swimmers, and The Bath, Javea, in which a little girl is on the point of diving into the water.

The new picture gallery of the Vatican is to be opened March 18, but permission was accorded last Tuesday for a preliminary view. The old Vatican gallery contained sixty pictures, but the new collection embraces 300, displayed in seven halls opening on the Belvidere Court. The additional pictures have been brought from the Lateran palace and the private apartments of the Vatican. The first hall contains a collection of Byzantine pictures; the second is given over to the Tuscan school, headed by Fra Angelico; the third, to examples of the Umbrian school; in the fourth is the gem of the collection, Raphael's Transfiguration, which hangs alone on the main wall; the fifth hall is devoted to the Venetian school, headed by Titian; the sixth, to examples of the sixth century, and the seventh to pictures by foreign artists.

Further details have come concerning the excavations on the Mons Janiculum, in Rome, noted in our issue of February 25, p. 206. Below the level of the court have been laid bare three strata of large oil amphoræ, placed in diagonal rows, with their mouths pointing due north. These contain the remains of sacrifices, bones of wild boars and other animals, and human bones. Here are also innumerable smaller jars, earthen and glass. The statue of Bacchus, mentioned in our former report, is a graceful figure cut in Greek marble, its right hand resting on a grape-twined column. It is of good workmanship, and its head and hands clearly show traces of gilding. The statue in the Egyptian style represents a goddess, standing with right leg advanced and with arms extended and grasping objects not now in place, but reported found. The features and headdress are Egyptian. Over the forehead, the body of a serpent forms a horizontal figure eight and trails down the crown of the head. The goddess wears a short, scant, belted tunic, which seems taken by the breeze, and which brings to mind those worn by Diana. The right leg is broken in two places, and the serpent's, or dragon's, head is missing, but otherwise the statue is in perfect condition. In spite of the rigidity of the type, the work is admirable. The arms of the small statue supposed to be of Kronos are pressed to the side, the legs close together, and from between the ankles a dragon coils to the left, under the limbs, passing over below the thighs, and five times around the body and behind the head, and resting its crested head above the image's forehead. At the point of the dragon's tail is an oval, green object, and now scattered on either side are four broken hens' eggs, natural eggs. The oval object is an egg, and one can plainly see the four original significant places in the spaces between the serpent's coils from which they have fallen. The crest of the dragon shows three clefts and traces of gilding.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are landscapes by Carroll John Halliday, at Powell's, till March 13; glass, oil, water-colors, and sketches, John Lafarge, Knoedler's, March 13; pictures, Horatio Walker, Montrose's, March 13; paintings, Charles H. Davis, Macbeth's, March 18; pictures, W. B. Tholen, Noé's, March 20; "old masters," Ehrich's, March 22; paintings, DeWitt Parshall, Bauer-Folsom's, March 23; seventeenth century etchings, Keppel's, April 6.

Elijah E. Myers, the architect, died in Detroit March 5. He was born in Philadelphia in 1832. He designed the capitols of Michigan, Texas, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah, the Parliament buildings at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, an asylum building in the City of Mexico, and courthouses in nearly every State in the Union. He was also a member of the board of examiners of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago in 1893.

Alexandre Charpentier, sculptor and artist, chevalier of the Legion of Honor and member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, died in Paris, March 4. Among his more important works are a marble Mère Allaitant, in the Musée de Morlaix; Les Boulangers, plaster bas-relief, in the Place Scipion, Paris; and a Narcisse, in the Luxembourg, Paris.

Finance.

PROBLEMS OF THE TREASURY.

The new Secretary of the Treasury takes office in the face of some peculiarly difficult problems. The government's finances, it is true, are in no such tangle as that into which they had fallen in the last period of after-panic reaction. After 1893 Secretary Carlisle found that, on the one hand, the deficit had drawn on the gold reserve against the legal tenders, and, on the other, no lawful means, except loans, existed for obtaining funds to restore that reserve. The result was that the government had to borrow gold explicitly, with the further consequences that discrimination between our different forms of currency constantly prevailed, and that public attention was converged on the danger of a lapse to the silver standard. That state of things is now prevented by the Gold Standard Act of 1900. The $150,000,000 gold reserve is now set definitely apart for the redemption of legal tender notes; and although no general power of borrowing money to make good a deficit has been conferred upon the Treasury—the Panama Canal loans being strictly limited to canal construction—a proviso of the Spanish War Revenue Act of 1898, not subsequently repealed and not restricted to a period of war, authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury "to borrow from time to time, at a rate of interest not exceeding 3 per cent. per annum, such sum or sums as, in his judgment, may be necessary to meet public expenditures."

That such recourse may become necessary has been openly predicted by the financial experts of Congress, and the statements of the Treasury add force to the prediction. The available cash balance, by Monday's report, is $141,600,000, of which not quite $72,000,000 is in the form of deposits with the banks. The deficit, for the eight completed months of the fiscal year, has been $86,000,000, and, according to the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, will rise to $150,000,000 by the end of

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June. The Treasury's own estimate for the ensuing twelvemonth, on the basis of existing laws, concedes a deficit of $143,000,000; it is therefore easily possible that the government's borrowing powers may before long have to be invoked for other purposes than the Panama Canal. This is one subject to which Secretary MacVeagh must presently address himself.

The still broader question which lies before him and Congress is the readjustment of the revenue. Borrowing to make good a deficit is at best a temporary recourse; the American people, fortunately, have never been disposed to accept a situation, such as many European governments have allowed to prevail indefinitely, of annual deficits which are always met through large additions to the debt. Revision of the tariff, if pursued on scientific lines, should make that source of revenue much more productive; but relief through that expedient will be relatively slow, especially in the present period of business depression; and it is probable that increased internal taxes will soon be up for discussion. Talk of an inheritance tax, of stamp taxes, and even vague intimations—without any very feasible suggestions—of an income tax, are already heard at Washington.

That the fiscal controversy should have taken this turn is by no means a matter for regret. It is time that people had distinct and personal evidence of the real meaning of our government's extravagance. So long as the topic of the day was how to dispose of a surplus, it was impossible to excite general indignation over the rapidly mounting appropriations. The remark of the late Speaker Reed, in a previous era of extravagance, that "a billion-dollar Congress goes with a billion-dollar country," is thought a sufficient answer to protests; larger bills for naval and military outlay are part of the national glory; and thus the spendthrifts have had their way the past half-dozen years at Washington, as also at London and Berlin. Now the shoe begins to pinch; the present concern of European statesmen is to justify their lavish financiering to a people on whom increased taxes are weighing heavily in hard times; and our own statesmen need not expect to escape a similar reckoning.

Just what our extravagance has been of recent years Mr. Tawney of the Appropriations Committee showed last week to Congress. In the eight-year period from 1891 to 1898, inclusive, our annual army appropriations averaged $23,825,922; in the similar period from 1903 to the fiscal year just provided for, the average has been $83,014,660. Naval appropriations, which averaged $27,579,300 annually in the earlier period, average $102,403,029 for the past eight years. In army appropriations alone, Mr. Tawney pointed out, the total increase for the period "exceeds $473,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover the whole cost of constructing the Panama Canal," while the total increase for naval purposes is "a sum greatly in excess of the total appropriations for the support of the whole government for any fiscal year prior to 1898." Forty per cent. of all our public revenue, outside of postal receipts, is now being spent on nothing but preparation for war.

Facts of this kind, which have so long been brushed aside indifferently by a nation which was enjoying "boom times" and "thinking in hundred millions," will be seriously pondered when the citizen is asked directly to give part of his savings for support of extravagant policies.

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Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society. Number 17.

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